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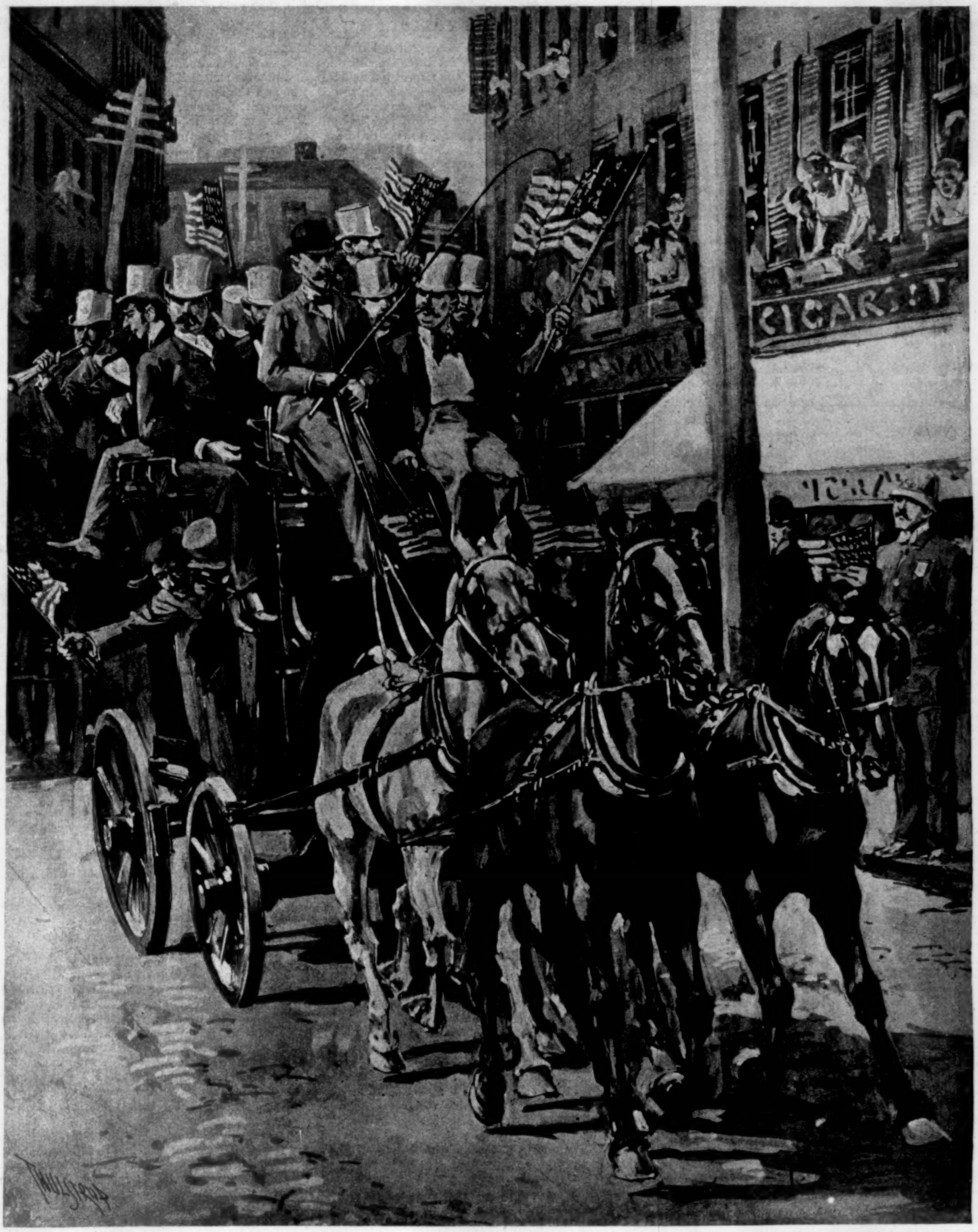

A NEW YORK CHOWDER CLUB LEAVING THE EAST SIDE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 674.]

TWO DAINTY VOLUMES.

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No. 1811.

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THE GOVERNORSHIP IN NEW YORK.

SOME time ago, in surveying the prospects of the election this year in New York, we remarked that no candidate for the chief place was even suggested upon the Democratic side of the same standing with a possible Republican candidate like ANDREW D. WHITE. With the accession of Mr. PLATT to unquestioned supremacy as Republican boss, the probability of the election of a Republican Governor has been regarded as a jest. But simultaneously it is announced that Mr. WHITE may perhaps be the candidate, and a great deal of sympathy has been expressed for him as predestined to defeat by PLATT and his men, as IRA DAVENPORT was believed to be defeated by Republican connivance in 1885. But no paper that takes this view questions—indeed, such papers generally concede—the high character and ability of Mr. WHITE and his peculiar qualification for the Governorship, his public experience, his familiarity with the State and with its interests and feelings, his leadership in some of the most vital State questions, and his entire sympathy with all the reform measures which the most intelligent men of all parties in the State support. That Mr. PLATT and his men would not naturally prefer such a Governor is unquestionable. If they acquiesce in his nomination, it may be that they are confident of his defeat, or even mean to make sure of it. But it is not because they suppose they can use Mr. WHITE, should he be elected.

Should he be nominated, the fact that he would be the candidate of a party of which Mr. PLATT is boss would certainly not be a reason for declining to support him, and so aiding the election of the candidate of a party of which Governor HILL is boss. There could be nothing more absurd than trying to defeat ANDREW WHITE as Governor for the purpose of electing Governor HILL'S candidate. There is not a cause in the State for which good citizens have been striving which would not gain a victory in Mr. WHITE'S election, nor one which would not suffer by the continued ascendency of the HILL influence. Whatever Mr. PLATT and his men may be on one side, Governor HILL and his men are on the other. If Governor HILL puts up a candidate, he will be a man of his own kind, whom he puts up to win with. If Mr. PLATT acquiesces in the nomination of Mr. WHITE, it will be because, counting upon defeat, he thinks it would be good politics "to pander to the better element."

If the State election is to be made wholly subordinate to the national election of next year—in other words, if it is to be an occasion merely to test the comparative force of the Republican and Democratic parties in New York—the question of candidates is wholly unimportant. John Doe will be equally as good as Richard Roe. But if the citizens of New York are interested in State questions—in ballot reform, in honest civil service reform, in wise license, and generally in decent State administration—they must consider something else than the party label upon their ballots. In this view, indeed, the Legislature undoubtedly is of the utmost importance, and every sensible man will remember it. But although a Governor cannot make laws, he can recommend with great authority the passage of good laws, and he can prevent bad laws. The executive chamber is a very desirable possession for every good cause. Even if honest politics cannot secure the Legislature, they are not wholly defeated if they elect the Governor. There are a great many tariff-reformers in New York who do not believe that support of Governor HILL is necessary to reform of any kind whatever, and the Democratic situation in the State at present seems to show that Democratic counsels and nominations are controlled by the Governor.

THE BLANKET BALLOT.

THIRTY States have already adopted a ballot-reform law, and Kentucky in its new Constitution provides for one. An important reform has seldom advanced more rapidly, and its progress illustrates the healthy political condition of the country. The reform is resisted by the same class of persons and influences that withstand reform in the civil service, and the latter is opposed more obstinately because it cuts deeper. But the strength of both lies in a wholesome public opinion. The ballot law in New York is the least satisfactory of all, because Governor HILL would not sign a thorough and efficient bill. He made "the paster"—a device to retain outside control of the ballot—the condition of his approval, and it was obvious that the reform could be made properly effective only when that control should be prevented. Under the present law the ballots are printed at the public expense, and delivered at the polls by public officers. So much is gained. But to complete the work only such ballots should be used; they should contain all the names of candidates on one paper, with the parties properly distinguished, and independent nominations should be made feasible.

The People's Municipal League propose as the next and necessary step in reform the adoption of these measures. They would have one blanket ballot, no other to be voted, and independent nominations to be treated precisely like party nominations. "The Massachusetts ballot act, which most fully embodies all the principles of ballot reform, should serve as a model for New York. This act was passed in June, 1888, and has been subjected to a practical test at two State elections and at the elections held in twenty-five cities in Massachusetts during the last two years. The chief characteristic which distinguishes it from the New York ballot act is the blanket ballot. The names of all the candidates are placed in alphabetical order on one ballot, grouped under each office; and opposite the candidate's name the party designation is inserted, and next to that is the square in which the voter marks a cross to indicate his choice. This ballot is handed to the voter folded, and experience in Massachusetts shows that the voter on an average disposes of his ballot by marking the names he wishes to vote for in two or three minutes. Further, he has no trouble about folding it, for he simply folds it just as it was folded when he received it. The experience in our sister State and in others that have adopted the blanket ballot further shows that the votes are now counted as quickly as under the old system, and that even in illiterate districts the votes are as correctly marked as in the more educated districts."

The expense of printing the blanket ballot is far below that of the multiple ballot. The total cost of printing and sending out a million ballots was $9000; under the old system it would have been, probably, $40,000. There is no question that the ballot act in Massachusetts commands the hearty approval and support of the most intelligent voters in all parties, and that there is no disposition whatever to return to the old system. It is not found that practically the new system favors one party more than another, while the usual complaint of time, trouble, and expense is wholly futile, because it is known to be unfounded. The amendment of the New York law in the points that we have mentioned is one of the most important questions to be submitted to the people of the State in the election of this year. The Legislature to be chosen cannot do anything to revise the tariff, nor has the Governor any power over that subject. But both Legislature and Governor can give us the amendments which will complete this necessary reform, and we trust that the Municipal League will give all candidates an opportunity of stating their views upon this question, or of declining to state them. There is no need of being swept away from attention to the subject by discussions of the tariff or of free coinage of silver. The disposition to merge every local interest in the debate of national politics ought to be resisted. It is a form of consolidation which is as mischievous as it is unnecessary. New York is a State large enough to consider its own interests in its local elections. Every New-Yorker who desires thorough ballot reform may vote for Assemblymen and a Governor, whatever their politics, who are honestly and heartily in favor of this measure, without the slightest prejudice to his vote for President next year.

IN THE REPUBLICAN CAMP.

IN his trip to Bennington President HARRISON made several of his happy speeches, in which he stated unmistakably his view of the currency question, and indicated plainly that a free silver coinage bill would encounter a veto. Probably no President has ever more distinctly advanced himself in public favor by his travelling speeches of this kind than Mr. HARRISON. They are courteous and non-partisan, as becomes the President in addressing a promiscuous crowd of his fellow-citizens, and when they contain the sound doctrine of those to which we allude, they become the President still more. In the same way his brief and glowing panegyric on General GRANT at Mount McGregor, and the complete omission of personal reference to himself, were dignified and in good taste. The whole tour, including its object and the amenities exchanged with his political opponents, Governor HILL in New York and Mr. PHELPS in Vermont, all made an agreeable impression upon the country.

But while the President was thus speaking, possibly without entire forgetfulness of the fact that there will be an election next year, the Pennsylvania Republican Convention was also speaking, and was hardly restrained from declaring Mr. BLAINE to be the candidate of its ardent desire. This was done under the auspices of the most powerful Republican boss and in the largest and most certain Republican State, and there can be no doubt that it was the expression of the dominant Republican sentiment of the country. The President, who is now generally selected for reasons of supposed availability, is always at an apparent disadvantage in view of a convention beside a popular party leader, because for such a President there is little enthusiasm. But he can bear up, because the same availability which nominated him may renominate him. This, however, would not avail against such popularity as Mr. BLAINE'S, and there seems to be no question that if he chooses to yield to the wish of his party he will be its candidate next year.

It is observed, however, that the practical movement for Mr. BLAINE begins with the most disreputable of all the Republican bosses. He has not been especially ardent for Mr. BLAINE hitherto, but he sees plainly the drift of party preference, and he turns it to his own purpose. He counts upon the drift so surely that he does not hesitate to say in effect to the President that Mr. BLAINE is his candidate, and under these circumstances the candidature of the President becomes a little absurd. As we have heretofore intimated, Mr. BLAINE is as much the embodiment of Republicanism as Mr. CLAY of Whiggery. The other Republican leaders, who represented another character and other methods in politics and public life, have disappeared. Never in the history of the party was it so dominated by one man as by Mr. BLAINE. This fact is in itself the most striking illustration of the present Republican situation. The movement of 1884 was a protest against Mr. BLAINE as a fitting representative of the party. In 1891 there is practically no other representative. Should he be a candidate next year, his personality will not be, as in 1884, the crucial point of the campaign, as in 1888 the personal charges against Mr. CLEVELAND were not renewed. The discussion would turn on policies and the record of the administration. There is obviously one strong personal inducement for Mr. BLAINE to accept the nomination. The issue in 1884 was distinctly personal, and the decision was adverse to him. If in 1892 the result should be different, it might be claimed as a deliberate reversal of the earlier judgment. For such a result, even with the alternative, any public man might be glad to try.

OUR NEGOTIATIONS IN HAITI.

IT is evident that all the facts are now likely to be known concerning the negotiations for the Môle St. Nicholas. The administration seems inclined to negotiate with Haiti as the GRANT administration negotiated with San Domingo, with ships of war at hand. And when our late Minister to Haiti resigns, and says that the time has come for explanation—"and there is no ground of sentiment, reason, or propriety for a longer silence, especially since, through no fault of mine, the secrets of the negotiation in question have already been paraded before the public, apparently with no other purpose than to make me responsible for their failure"—it is evident that explanation is necessary. Mr. DOUGLASS says plainly that there was at Port au Prince an agent of a business firm in New York "who appeared to be more fully initiated into the secrets of the State Department at Washington than I was." This agent, and not the State Department, announced to Mr. DOUGLASS that he was practically discredited, and that a naval officer was coming as special commissioner to supersede him in a negotiation; and when

the naval officer arrived, Mr. DOUGLASS says, with evident humiliation, "my connection with this negotiation, as all may see, was very humble, secondary, and subordinate." It is surprising that he did not resign, but he feared misconstruction worse than any censure for remaining at his post. But there would have been no misconstruction, because for the particular service contemplated the government had more confidence in a naval officer. But as it was the very kind of service—namely, diplomatic negotiation—for which Mr. DOUGLASS was sent to Haiti, nothing could have been more proper without the most satisfactory explanation than prompt resignation.

A naval station in the West Indies has been long desired by us, and negotiations have been begun, the latest being the noted Samana negotiations under the GRANT administration. The efforts were renewed by the HARRISON administration, and, according to Mr. DOUGLASS, Admiral GHERARDI, who superseded him as commissioner, based our claim for the concession of the Môle St. Nicholas on the ground of services rendered to HIPPOLYTE, and his promises to our government during the contest between him and LÉGITIME. The HIPPOLYTE government denied absolutely any such promise, and stated that although certain advantages not including this had been offered to our government, they had not been accepted. To this Admiral GHERARDI replied that even if there were no formal agreement, HIPPOLYTE was morally bound, because without our aid, which he asked, he would not have been President of Haiti. Mr. DOUGLASS admits, of course, that the Admiral, in saying this, placed our government in the indefensible position of covertly assisting by force to put down one government and to set up another in a friendly country. This is a most serious charge, and it demands thorough investigation. "It did not strike me," says Mr. DOUGLASS, "that what was claimed by Admiral GHERARDI to have been done—though I did not say as much—is the work for which the United States navy is armed, equipped, manned, and supported by the American people."

In elucidation of the purposes of the government, this extract from Admiral GHERARDI'S first letter to the HIPPOLYTE government is useful: "The special advantages united in the Môle St. Nicholas indicate incontestably that it is the manifest destiny of that port to become a naval depot for the use of the war vessels of the United States.... The acceptance of this demand would result in making of the United States a powerful friend and ally upon whose aid and good offices Haiti might always rely." One of the conditions of the concession, as mentioned in the instructions to the negotiators, was to be this: "The Haitian government shall not lease any harbor or other portion of its territory, nor otherwise dispose of it, nor grant any special privilege or right of usage to any other power, state, or government." But if it should— In other words, we were to assume a protectorate of Haiti. It is certainly desirable to hear the whole truth.

DICKENS'S LETTERS.

THE letters of DICKENS to WILKIE COLLINS, of which the publication begins in HARPER'S MONTHLY for this month, recall vividly the exuberant fun and inextinguishable spirits of the famous story-teller. It is impossible to open anywhere the record of his life without coming at once upon the immense vitality and restlessness which distinguished him, and which enabled the writing of his books to seem not the engrossing occupation of his life, but a mere incident of an incessant and various activity.

He seemed to be always ready for a ramble about London, a dinner at some place of note or curious retreat, an evening at the "British drayma," an expedition to the sea-coast or pleasant country inn, or over the channel to Paris or the Continent. He was the editor, busy with all details; the manager of private plays, himself the chief actor. He gave little suppers and little dinners. He was full of kind thoughts for others, and kind care of those who else had suffered sorely. He brewed all kinds of drinks, and was the prince of good fellows; and when nothing else would serve, he walked off for twenty or thirty miles into the country, or, again, travelled all night to fulfil an engagement to read, then hurried back to catch up a hundred threads in London.

It was only remarkable that the machine, strained always to the utmost tension, lasted so long. But these letters of forty years ago plunge us at once into the midst of a time which was but now, and is already so far. The letters are gay, rollicking, with the bubbling merriment of high health and unclouded success and prosperity. They have none of the musing forecast of THACKERAY'S humor, none of the "wait till you come to forty year," none of the pensive consciousness of the leaf of rue in the garland at the feast. But they are a delightful glimpse of the story-teller at play—if, indeed, he was ever anywhere else.

THE LATE CATASTROPHE IN PARK PLACE.

EVERY intelligent person will agree that the catastrophe in Park Place, in New York, ought not to have occurred. Earthquakes may throw any building to the ground, but that in an enlightened city a building should fall from sheer overweight or from carelessness of inspection should be impossible. If public inspection does not save us from one such disaster, there is no security that it will save us from a hundred more. Nothing, of course, can avail from essential weakness of material which is beyond discovery. But in this case no plea of this kind is urged. So far as now appears it was simple carelessness.

The question doubtless has suggested itself to the public mind how many more of the same kind of rookeries are there in the city, stuffed every day with scores of human beings, with the incessant jar of machinery disintegrating the structure, and all left to the same carelessness and chance which have produced the misery in Park Place? The inspectorship of buildings is an immensely important duty. It is by no means exhausted when the original erection has been supervised. Indeed, a chief responsibility is when the building is old and weakened, and exposed to just such circumstances as have brought down that in Park Place.

Care for the security of human life, and especially of the poorer and more exposed part of the community, is not so striking a feature of our civilization as the ease and rapidity with which we build railroads and subdue the wilderness and make money. We hear so much of the money-making part of our prosperity and greatness that we are sometimes forgetful that it is by no means the highest part. It is certainly questionable whether we should not generally be more interested in the rate of the increase of the national wealth than in that of the increase of the length of life and of security against bodily injury. But there is no question that the latter interest would indicate a higher civilization.

VERMONT'S DAY.

VERMONT was fortunate in her day, her guests, and her orator at her recent centennial celebration. It was the commemoration of the Revolutionary victory at Bennington, and of the admission of Vermont into the Union. The President of the United States and his Secretary of War, a citizen of Vermont, were present, with the State authorities, Governor RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, and a host of distinguished guests. A conspicuous and honored son of Vermont, our late Minister to England, EDWARD J. PHELPS, delivered the oration, and his task was performed in a manner which felicitously crowned the occasion; for with dignity, eloquence, complete knowledge, and patriotic feeling he pointed out the significance of the battle and stated the circumstances of the entrance of the State into the Union.

In the school histories we are introduced to Bennington and MOLLY STARK together, and in one of them, at least, perhaps with some confusion of circumstances, Mrs. MOLLY ramming down a cannon is much the most important figure. But less attention is paid to the vital relation which the battle held to the great movement of BURGOYNE. Mr. PHELPS described the general course of the action with vivid eloquence. He showed that defeat would have been not a severe but an incalculable disaster. If the Yankee farmers hurrying from their fields had not stayed the disciplined British regulars, admirably led by a skilful and experienced soldier, BURGOYNE would have reached Albany—and CLINTON, after burning Kingston, had already sent him word, "There is nothing between me and Albany"—the Hudson would have been seized, and New England severed from the rest of the country.

As Mr. PHELPS truly said, Bennington was not a great battle reckoned by numbers, but it was the first victory of the Revolution that bore fruit. BURGOYNE, marching down the Hudson, paused to reach out on the left to Bennington, on the right to Fort Stanwix. He needed supplies, and he could not safely leave such enemies in his rear. But both on his right and left he was crushed, and after struggling in vain with the toils that enveloped him, BURGOYNE surrendered, and France openly came to our aid. It was a noble theme, admirably treated by the orator, and in speaking of his native State he said truly, as the Swiss patriot of the old cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden might have said:

> "Retaining the primitive simplicity of her institutions, she has been the nursery of men who have carried into other commonwealths the strength of her hills, and have fertilized by their intelligence, their energy, and their character all the States whose gathering stars now fill to overflowing the field of the national ensign."

THE HEBREW EXODUS FROM RUSSIA.

IT is stated that our Minister to Russia has been instructed to discuss with the Czar's government the question of the exodus of Russian Hebrews to the United States. But there seems to be no question to discuss. The movement to this country is not in any way directed by the Russian government, which merely expels the Hebrew from its country, and is not interested in him further. As a class the Russian Hebrews are not desired in this country, and the only question to be discussed with Russia would be its willingness to mitigate the conditions of expulsion by extending the time.

This was the suggestion of Baron HIRSCH. It is a simple appeal to the clemency of the Czar, but it is not one which we could support by any inducements. Probably the representations in its favor would only confirm the Czar in the conviction that other countries were as unfriendly to the Hebrews as Russia, and so seem to justify his course. In connection with the rumor about instructions to our Minister, it will be remembered that a huge petition, remarkable for the multitude of well-known names which it bore, was submitted to the State Department last spring, requesting our government to co-operate with others in providing for a Hebrew colonization of a part of Palestine.

This was a scheme of large proportions, virtually implying the beginning of a Hebrew nation in Syria, but also evidently designed to divert immigration from this country. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is of opinion that the Hebrew expulsion from Russia is not primarily religious persecution. It is probably not such exclusively, but there can be little doubt that religious feeling gives to the movement much of its bitterness.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM has just received his cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government for his services in bringing about the enactment of an international copyright law.

—The portrait of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL published in the WEEKLY of August 19th was from a photograph by F. GUTEKUNST, of Philadelphia.

—JOSEPH SKIPSEY, "the pitman poet of Northumberland," has resigned the custodianship of SHAKESPEARE'S birthplace. He succeeded the CHATAWAY sisters in June, 1887, and is now driven away by the irksomeness of his life as a showman, and by the brutal behavior of loutish and sometimes drunken sight-seers, thousands of whom are brought to Stratford-on-Avon by excursions during the summer. Mr. SKIPSEY is of a gentle and poetic nature, and believes most implicitly in the genuineness of SHAKESPEARE and his writings. He learned his alphabet by candle-light, while a boy working deep down in a coal mine, and his early education was picked up while he struggled on as a miner. The new custodian of the SHAKESPEARE cottage will be RICHARD SAVAGE, the librarian and antiquary.

—Misfortune has early overtaken Lieutenant PERRY'S expedition to the arctic regions, and the leader is laid up with a broken leg at Melville Bay, on Murchison Sound. A dreary wait through the long arctic night, which soon begins, seems not improbable; but admirers of pluck and daring will hope that the band of explorers, which includes the Lieutenant's wife, may yet reach the goal of its ambition.

—THEODORE R. DAVIS, once the famous war artist of HARPER'S WEEKLY, now lives in a little cottage at Asbury Park, New Jersey, and gives his time up almost entirely to designing. A few years ago he furnished the designs for a dinner service at the White House, each piece of plate bearing the sketch of some historical event.

—AUGUSTUS HARRIS, a popular and successful manager of London theatres, has been knighted by the Queen. When he had absorbed enough box-office receipts to make him rich, he sought honors in politics, and last year became Sheriff of London.

—The last thatched cottage of the olden time in London has been destroyed. It fronted on the green at Shepherd's Bush, and there is good ground for believing that MILES SYNDERCOMB, the prime mover in a plot against the life of OLIVER CROMWELL, once lived in the house.

—DENNIS KEARNEY, of San Francisco, whose florid speeches as a sand-lots orator once gained him notoriety, has had his house burned. His principal loss, he says, was in the destruction of a collection of letters and newspaper clippings, covering his public career, which he had hoped to use in writing a book. This is a serious loss to KEARNEY.

—The queer little cottage at Fordham, New York, where POE once lived, and where he is believed to have composed "The Raven" and other poems, has been bought by CLYDE W. BRYSON, who has long admired the poet, and will preserve the cottage in his memory.

—MARVIN SMITH, of Montville, Connecticut, who is one hundred and seven years old, remembers seeing the first steamboat, the *Fulton*, when she made a trip up the Thames in 1817. He also draws a pension for service in the war of 1812, and has voted at every Presidential election since 1808 except the last one.

—JAMES D. FISH, who served a term in State-prison for wrecking the Marine Bank, of New York, while he was its president, distinguished himself at Sea Girt, New Jersey, the other night, by rescuing a woman from a burning house.

—The copy of Horace which LONGFELLOW used while a student at Bowdoin College sixty-eight years ago is preserved there as a sacred relic. It bears not only the poet's signature, but also that of Professor CALVIN E. STOWE, the husband of HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, who was graduated at the college in 1824.

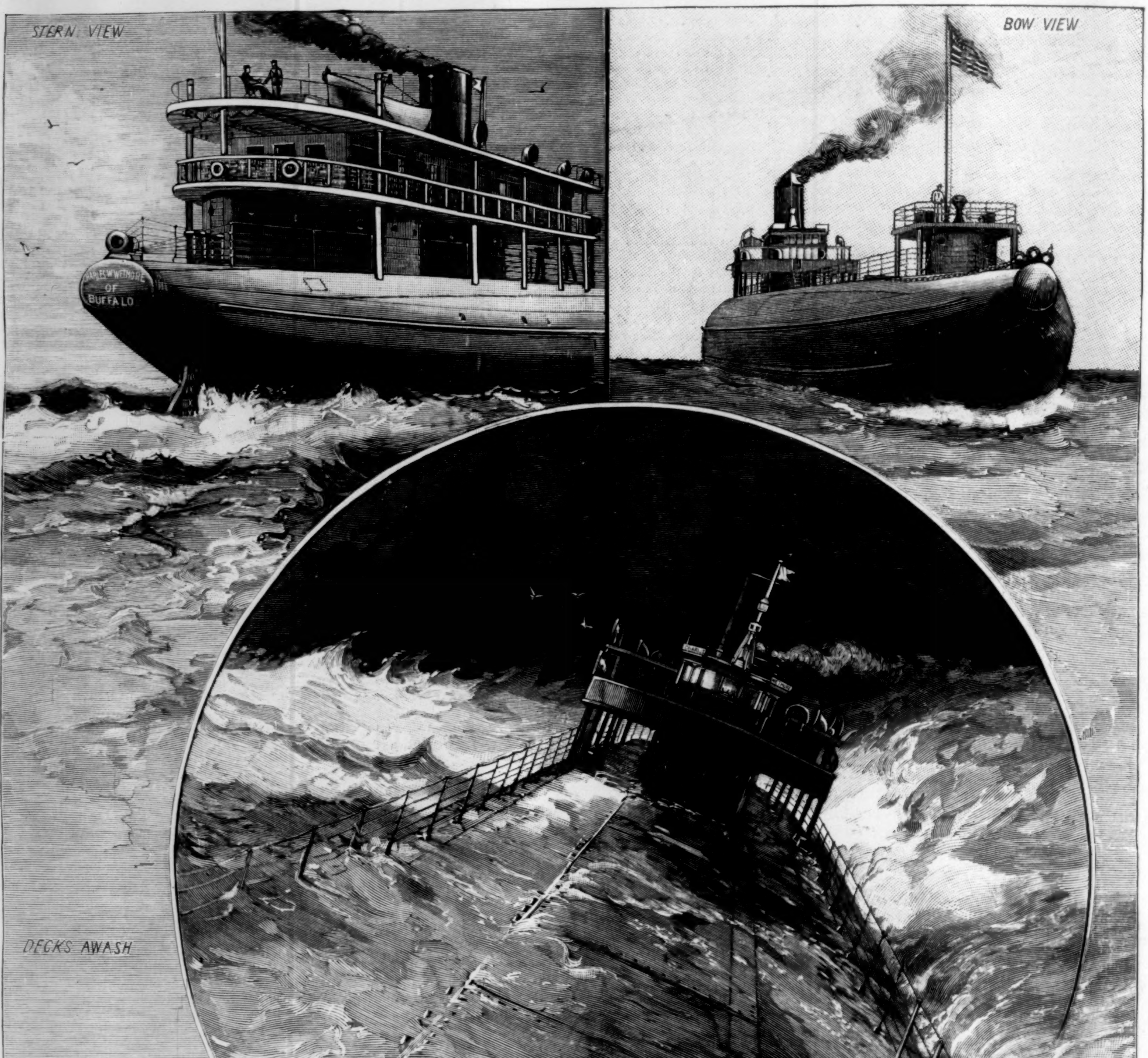
—The Duke of Cumberland, eldest son of the last King of Hanover, is said to own no less than nine tons of gold and silver plate, while that used by Queen VICTORIA during the recent state visit of the German Emperor is estimated to be worth $10,000,000. The Austrian and Russian courts also have remarkable collections, and the gold and silver plate of the house of Orange at the Hague, which includes two thousand silver dinner plates, is valued at $6,500,000.

—A good story is told of the love which Prime Minister DELYANNIS of Greece has for his dogs. He was crossing the Piræus on an English steamer some years ago when his pet dog fell overboard. He begged the captain to stop the steamer and save the animal, but the Englishman replied that his orders were strict, and that he could not delay the ship even if a man instead of a dog were drowning. DELYANNIS at once jumped overboard and swam toward his pet, when the ship was stopped and both were saved.

—Mr. SPURGEON, the great English preacher, who has been so seriously ill, has a fine country estate at Beulah Hill, Norwood. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and in his gardens and hot-houses is a remarkable collection of plants and shrubs gathered from all parts of the world.

—WALTER BESANT claims to have seen "ghosts" on several occasions in his life. Once when he was sleeping in a room which was over three hundred years old, and while the door was securely locked, three old ladies in Queen ANNE dresses entered and sat down on chairs about the smouldering fire. Then, without waiting for further manifestations, Mr. BESANT became horror-stricken, leaped from the bed and opened the blinds, letting in the early morning light. The visitors, naturally offended by such unseemliness, slowly faded away. Mr. BESANT says, however, that he has never received any communication from the other world.

—A white elephant, in the shape of a new and fast steam-yacht, seems just now to be troubling the dreams of Mr. HEARST, the wealthy young San Francisco newspaper-owner. He had it built by a leading Eastern yacht-designer—for the Pacific coast has yet to learn a thing or two in this line—but as it is too fragile to buffet the boisterous waters of the Horn, and too long to be carried across the continent on flat cars, not to mention other impediments to such a method of transportation, the ambitious owner may have to wait till the Nicaragua Canal is built before he will be able to introduce his pet to the sea-lions of the Golden Gate.



THE WHALEBACK STEAMER "CHARLES W. WETMORE," OF BUFFALO.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 675.]

A SINGULAR INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HENRY VALENTINE, NOVELIST.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IN the summer of 1884 I belonged to an organization calling itself "The Catskill Walking Club." This name was chosen probably because none of the club's five members had ever visited the Catskills, and, despising walking, had leagued themselves together for the purpose of chartering, for the heated term, a small sloop-yacht in which to knock about Long Island Sound for at least one week in each month. The special application of the name no one could ever quite understand, not even the members, but as it gave rise to much speculation, and afforded our guests a never-ending topic of amused conversation, we decided to retain it.

Our membership was limited to five, for the reason that according to our constitution there were to be no more than five officers in the management of the association, and we thought—and wisely, too, it seems to me—that there would be fewer jealousies in the club if every member were provided with some official position. These offices the constitution said should consist of a Presidency, a Vice-Presidency, a Secretaryship, a Treasurership, and, highest in the gift of the club, an office the incumbent of which should be permitted to call himself Janitor.

By virtue of his attainments in the way of reputation, Henry Valentine was elected Janitor; Chetwood the poet was chosen Secretary, largely because his penmanship was as much like steel-engraving as his verses were like carven cherry-stones; Tom Jemmison, of the New York *Regulator*, was made Treasurer, for the philanthropic reason that, his paper being a new one, money was invariably scarce with him, and we fancied the jingling of the club's balance in his pockets would impart to Tom's life a new and delectable sensation. The remaining offices, the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, fell to the lots respectively of myself and "Caddy" Barlow, of the Piccadilly Club.

"Caddy" was the only man in the club who amounted to so much that he could afford to do nothing. The rest of us, however, were glad enough to have him with us, because, while he was the laziest man afloat or ashore, "Caddy" was the most fertile source of inspiration we had. His great vice was tea, whence came his title of "Caddy," his real name being far more aristocratic, combining no less distinguished patronymics than Van Rensselaer and Stuyvesant.

Valentine was by far the hardest worker in the club, and had, at the age of twenty-eight, achieved notable success as a writer of fiction. Up to that time he had been known only to the limited boundaries of newspaperdom. Editors and reporters and one or two publishers knew him well as an enormously clever young man, who might some day set the river on fire, and yet who, on the other hand, might not. To the public he was as unknown as the compositor who set his stories in type, or the stereotyper who made the plates from which they were printed. But Valentine was not the man to hide his light under a bushel after he had made up his mind that that light had illuminating qualities—which discovery he had made just one year after the last page of his first novel was written. It took him a full year to make this discovery, because when the book was finished he had put it away from him, not in the pigeon-hole of some publisher's table, but in a secret drawer of his own desk, with the resolution, to which only a strong man such as he was could be expected to keep, not to look at the manuscript for one year, and then to read it as coolly and dispassionately and as critically as he would read the manuscript of an entire stranger. Should it seem to him on this reading that his story was not a good one, Valentine had resolved to destroy it; and it was not destroyed. At the end of the year he broke the seals he had put upon it, read it over carefully twice, thought it over carefully for one month, read it over carefully a third time, and decided that it was good; subsequent events showed that he was right. The story was good. It was published, and Valentine retired to his couch one December night with the pleasing consciousness that he was famous. He was too good a journalist to wait until morning to find himself renowned, as Byron is said to have done.

What Valentine at the age of thirty found in an association with Chetwood, Barlow, Jemmison, and myself was somewhat of a mystery to us, since he was a person of intense seriousness of mind, while we, on the other hand, though past them by five years, every one, were still living in our teens—Barlow particularly, who to the day of his death will never be anything but a big school-boy, deserving of every possible kind of discipline known to the pedagogue. Perhaps he regarded us as a sort of summer drink, light and more or less agreeable, and possibly a welcome change from the heavier absorptions of his professional career. Perhaps, too, he wished to study us for a possible new novel, in which the redeeming philosophy should be rendered the more impressive by contrast with little oases of butterflyism scattered throughout its pages, which Valentine would surely desire to be as true to nature as the more considerable creations of his realistic mind. However the case might have been, Valentine was nevertheless unquestionably fond of our society, and never missed an opportunity to be with us on our cruises as an organization.

It was while on one of our regular exploring expeditions on Long Island Sound that Valentine told us of the singular incident in his career which I am about, with his permission, to record. We had anchored for the night in the harbor of one of the towns on the Long Island side of the Sound, the exact location of which I prefer not to state, since it might lead to the identification of persons who figured in Valentine's novel, although the chief personage therein—otherwise the lady in the case—is no longer living, having died, Valentine tells me, within the past six months.

We had been sleeping on board our yacht for six nights, and "Caddy" Barlow and I were for going ashore and putting up at the hotel, where, we understood, were to be had good beds, good service, and good meals, but Valentine declared himself as averse to doing anything of the sort, while the other two members of the club were non-committal.

"Oh, pshaw, Henry!" Barlow said, impatiently; "what's the use of sleeping on a hard-wood deck when there's a fine spring-bed just yawning for you?"

"And what's the good," I put in, "of living on potted ham and condensed milk when there are live pigs and cows running wild through the main streets of this lovely burg, just waiting to be hammed and milked?"

"That's the idea," said "Caddy," smacking his lips. "Fresh ham is my delight; though as for milk, I consider that an abomination, suited only for the tea of lovelorn Marianas whose lives are passed in waiting for moated grangers who never turn up."

"Well, you go," returned Valentine. "Don't let me interfere, I beg of you. Go ahead, all of you. But as for myself, much as I enjoy your society, I would rather stay here in the boat alone than pass the night in that town."

"Is this an idiosyncrasy of genius or the natural-born cussedness of an old man?" queried "Caddy," who gloried in the fact that he would not turn thirty for five years. "If the former, I'll stay here, because, if there's one thing I like more than another, it is to associate with geniuses. It has tremendous advantages. Suppose, for instance, Valentine and I were out yachting together, just as we are at present, and the boat were to capsize and both of us were to be drowned. Jove! I'd be immortal. The coming biographer of Henry Valentine would have to say, 'It was while yachting off Cape Cod with his intimate friend Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer Barlow, whom he always affectionately termed "Caddy," because of that interesting young man's fondness for tea, that the author of *Six Days in a Cat-boat, or the Peril of Miriam Bunker*, met his untimely death, and plunged two continents and an isthmus into mourning.'"

"That," added "Caddy," rising and striking a statuesque attitude—"that would make me immortal where brass and marble would prove utterly insufficient. But if it is not genius that says 'stay here,' but age demanding tribute from youth, I go ashore. Which is it, Vally?"

"You are an embarrassing baby, 'Caddy,'" said Jemmison, lazily. "You don't expect Henry to confess to you that he is a genius, do you?"

"I don't know why not," retorted "Caddy." "You've confessed that much to me about yourself full many a time and oft."

"Well, never mind," put in Valentine, with an amused look on his face. "I'm not a bit embarrassed by 'Caddy's' alternative, for the very good reason that I shall accept neither. I want to stay aboard this boat, not from any capricious promptings of genius; nor is it because I have any of the whimsicality which pertains to masculinity at the age of thirty. I wish to remain on the boat simply because this town depresses me. I have been here twice in my life before, and when I connect the experiences of the first visit with those of the second, it makes me shiver; it saturates me with an uncanny feeling, to avoid which is quite to my taste."

"Then let us stay where we are," said I. "There is no use of splitting up the party, and, after all, it is better to sleep over damp sheets than under them."

"That has been my idea all along," said "Caddy," whose way it was never to be on the wrong side of anything. "Only I think that Valentine ought to be compelled to tell us the mysterious tale connected with this place that turns him into an icicle every time he thinks of it—that uncans him, if I may be allowed the expression. He has aroused my curiosity to concert pitch, and unless I hear the whole of the incident of which he speaks, I shall not be able to sleep; and, as you all know, when I can't sleep, I whistle."

"In self-defence, then," Valentine replied, "I shall have to tell you the whole story."

"Caddy" immediately selected the softest spot he could find on the deck, the rest of us lit our pipes, and Valentine began:

"There may be something in my experience or there may

not, just as you choose to regard it," he said. "It has bothered me considerably, and has had more or less to do with my 'age,' as 'Caddy' is pleased to term it.

"It is just five years since I first visited this town. I was then a reporter on the *Evening Star*, and had a special knack, which stood me in good financial stead, for reporting mysterious murders. Every possible murder assignment was given to me by Barnett, who was the *Star's* city editor at that time. As you may all remember, it was in August, 1879, that the famous Mary Martin murder occurred. Her body was found in an old deserted mill two or three miles from this town, which was then about half its present size and importance. There was every evidence that it was a case of murder and not suicide. The woman's limbs were securely bound together, a weight was tied to her body, and her throat had been cut from ear to ear."

"You had nothing to do with it, I hope?" murmured "Caddy." "If you did, I'm bound to go ashore."

"My connection with the case was purely reportorial," returned Valentine. "I came here in obedience to my assignment, an entire stranger to the place, never having even heard of it before, and yet when I arrived I seemed to recognize my surroundings. When I left the railway station to walk to the hotel I was singularly at home on the road. Everything about me seemed familiar, and although I did not even know the name of the hotel or the street on which it stood, I did not find it necessary to inquire the way, but walked there without deviating one inch from the proper path; and it was not a path entirely free from complications either. On the way I passed several persons unknown to me, who yet appeared not entirely as strangers. I was conscious of names. I seemed to myself to have seen these people before, in spite of the fact that it was absolutely impossible for me to have done so; all of which I then put down to instinct peculiar to the true newspaper man.

"I passed the night in the hotel, but could not sleep. Why I cannot say. I only know that my mind was filled with a constant flood of fancies, in which the people I had met during the afternoon, grown younger, played an important part, and every part had for its stage setting some bit of woodland or other scene in this vicinity.

"At six o'clock the following morning I rose up from my bed and set out for a walk before breakfast. Everything was still strangely familiar to me. I passed, on my way about the town, old farm-houses whose windows my fancy filled with children and women and men whom, to my knowledge, I had never before seen, and yet who seemed to know me, and whom I in turn seemed to recognize, and whom I saluted. I found myself raising my hat and addressing by name the farmers and their wives, knowing all the time that they existed only in my imagination. In fact, so vivid were my impressions, and yet so certain was I that they were only impressions and not realities, that I began to fear that the dire hour prophesied by my physician, in which I was to be prostrated through overwork, had arrived. To a struggler whose income depended entirely upon actual production of copy this was a serious matter; but it was no time to give up, right in the middle of an assignment as I was, and so I stuck it out. The results of my sticking it out were valuable to the cause of justice, and in no way detrimental to me, save in the matter of comfort.

"After breakfast I set out for and found the mill within whose walls the murder had taken place, and whither had gone the detectives in whose hands the few clews there were to the mystery had been placed. The country had been scoured for traces of the criminal without avail, when suddenly there came to me, how or why I do not know, a prompting to speak, and with no control over my speech whatever, I did speak, and what I said was,

"'Have you tried the vaults under the old Morrowby house?'

"When I had spoken I immediately regretted it, for all eyes were at once turned upon me. I feared to be questioned, for I assure you that up to that moment I had never heard of any such vaults—no, nor even of a possible Morrowby house. But the questions did come:

"'Morrowby house vaults?' queried one of the detectives. 'I never heard of them.'

"'Nor I,' said several by-standers, and one of them added, 'There's no such place as the Morrowby house about here.'

"You may imagine my surprise and at the same time tremendous relief," Valentine continued, "when an old gray-haired man in the party came to my rescue.

"'Oh yes, there is such a place,' he said. 'It is down back of the Partan place, on the river road. But I haven't heard it called by that name for forty years, and it's nigh fifty years since the old place was burned out. The vaults I don't know nothin' about. Maybe the young man can take us to 'em.'

"This left me quite as badly off as I was before. All there was for me to do was to trust to Providence; and I took the chances, and announced my willingness to point out the vaults. We made a short-cut across the fields to the Morrowby place—now a part of the Partan farm—and there, in the middle of the fields, to my astonishment and delight, where once had stood the mansion of the Morrowbys, was found a flat stone with a ring in the centre. We lifted it, and—"

"Found the murderer concealed there?" cried "Caddy," nervously.

"We found the body of a man floating on the surface of a pool of water that had accumulated in the vaults, and there were found also certain evidences that convinced a coroner and twelve intelligent jurors that the murder had been committed by him, and that in endeavoring to conceal himself in the long-forgotten vaults he had lost his life in the manner indicated.

"Of course I was the hero of the day, and the next day was forgotten. I wrote up the story, made a tremendous beat on the other papers, and returned to town. From that time to this I have experienced no return of the fantasies of that morning, or anything like them, and the prophesied and greatly feared mental prostration has failed to materialize. It was an experience, however, that sobered me considerably, so strangely unaccountable was the episode; but had it not been for a subsequent incident, equally mysterious, I should doubtless by this time have ceased to think about it altogether. As it is, I cannot now ever free my mind entirely from misgivings since the occurrence of the second strange affair, which seems to link my being with this town, and which makes me so greatly dread to set foot once more upon its streets.

"The second incident of which I speak occurred some years later, after my book was published. As you may remember, the first edition of my novel was printed without my own but with an assumed name on the title-page, the real authorship of the book being divulged in the second edition, appearing a month after the first. Being somewhat anxious to know how my book was regarded by the critics and other writers for the press—I am no more above the small vanities of life than our friend 'Caddy' here—I subscribed to a newspaper-clipping agency, and from it received everything that the newspapers printed about my book and myself.

"I must explain that the *nom* over which I wrote, 'Harold Austin,' was whimsical entirely. I never knew, nor do I know now, why I chose it. It occurred to me to use it, and use it I did; and as for the story, it was one that for as long as I can remember had been in my mind to write. As a boy I used to construct little romances for my own pleasure, and this story with which I made my first appearance between covers was one of the earliest of my efforts in the regions of romance—or, possibly, in romantic realism is better, for the story was not so imaginative as to be impossible in real life. Understanding these things, you are prepared to hear the rest.

"One morning, among a dozen or more notices of the book, I found, clipped from a Maine newspaper, a column of stuff about myself, signed by a woman, slightly critical, largely anecdotal, and closing with a thorough scalping (which I did not deserve) for having written the story of old family friends without taking the trouble to *change their names*. I did not mind the alleged anecdotes which told how the writer and I were in school together when we were about ten years old, in which I was accused of being even at that age a precocious moody boy; nor did I care very much when the critic or historian went on to give a highly fanciful account of my parentage. In the first place, it was my other self—my 'Harold Austin' self—she remembered and cut to pieces; and, secondly, the fanciful parentage consisted of hypothetical Austins, of course, of whom the writer could say anything she pleased without hurting me or mine; but when she charged me with laying bare the real sorrows of real people, giving their names, and only slightly disguising their dwelling-places, then I lost my temper, and wrote to the editor of the Maine journal, repudiating the attack, and saying that it was impossible that this person, who pretended to know so much about me, could know anything about me, since she and I had never met.

"He replied at once to the effect that the writer of the criticism was well known to him as a woman of undoubted veracity, of high social position, who was willing to take affidavit to the fact that she had known Harold Austin in her girlhood, that she had known every character in Harold Austin's book, and that the story as it was there set forth had been known to her as a matter of family history for a number of years preceding the publication of the book."

"I never," said Valentine, after a moment's pause—"I never was so taken aback in my life, and I immediately set out for Maine to set myself straight. I made up my mind to confront my accuser at once. Of course all the proof I needed was to announce myself as Henry Valentine and not Harold Austin, except in so far as that was a pen-name which I had chosen from mere caprice.

"I arrived at my destination about six o'clock in the evening, and went directly to the office of the newspaper which had printed the accusation. The editor, who was prepared for my visit, appeared rather surprised when I presented myself, and said he had expected to see an older man. Indeed, he was at first disposed to believe that I was an impostor, stating that he had supposed that Harold Austin was in his sixties, if not older. After a little persiflage about youth being a fault to be overcome in time, I convinced him of my identity, went to the editor's home, had dinner, and then started with him for the house of my accuser, who persisted in her statements, and asserted her willingness to make them to my face. We arrived, and after waiting a few moments in the parlor, there entered a rather fine-looking woman whose years were in the neighborhood of seventy.

"'Her mother,' I thought to myself. I wish I had been right. The case would have been much less mysterious had my accuser been a younger woman. But my surmise was not correct, for this woman was herself my alleged playmate, who had been with me in school when we both were ten years of age, but who now was forty years my senior. She looked at me in amazement.

"'*You* Harold Austin?' she said. 'That is nonsense. You are a mere boy beside Harold Austin.'

"'But I am "Harold Austin," my dear madam,' I said, 'and I have come here to see if we cannot come to some understanding of this claim of yours that I have held up before the public eye in a remorseless fashion the sorrows and trials of old family friends—of whom, let me say to you upon my honor, I never heard before in my life.'

"She was speechless for a moment, and then recovering, she began. She told me all about herself, all about the Harold Austin she had known, all about the persons named in my book. Such details of their troubles as I had failed to imagine she narrated to me. In fact, she very effectively set herself right in my eyes as well as in those of the editor, and left me wondering whether or not I was sane, and if sane, whether I slept or no. She told me little things that had happened in connection with the people in my book, which I recognized as some of the fancies I had discarded in the story; and to cap the climax, I swear to you that that woman, who had played with me thirty years before I was born, was, before her marriage to her Maine husband, a *Morrowby of this town, and the people whose lives I supposed myself to have fashioned, together with Harold Austin, resided here as neighbors together sixty years ago*. We parted good friends, but mystified. I could not understand it then, nor can I now. The woman's story was true, for I verified it in every particular, stopping here on my return to New York, and devoting two days to that end.

"Account for the first episode in this town as due to slight mental aberration; account for the second as coincidence, perhaps; but for the combination, account for that you cannot. It defies reason. That is why sleeping ashore to-night is distasteful to me. I am candidly afraid of the consequences to myself. If you wish to try it, go ahead."

"No, by Jove!" said "Caddy," "I'll not. I'm for weighing anchor, and spending the night out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. This harbor is a little too close for me."

THE CARNIVALS OF CLAMS AND CHOWDER.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

This is now the high carnival time of clam-eating. Everywhere around the shores of Long Island, Staten Island, along the Sound, up and down the Hudson, and every other place convenient and attractive, picnic parties assemble probably to the number of three or four score a day. Chowder parties for a great many years were patronized most by the German population of New York, but latterly the feast has become popular among all classes. It has become a feature of sea-side picnics for young and old folk, and ward leaders and other politicians give so many chowder parties every summer, and entertain thereat so many of their supporters, that the feast may almost be looked upon as one of the political institutions of New York.

The ward politician sends out cards of invitation to a number of his leading supporters, announcing that he is going to have a chowder party at some stated place; that there will be speeches, and he had better lick his ideas into shape, as he will probably be called upon to say a few words to the boys; that he had better bring the ladies along, and babies, if he has any, and not to bother about liquids and solids, as he has looked after these. It is sometimes announced that "we dig our own clams"—that is to say, when the picnic is to be held near any part of the sea-shore where the bivalves can be obtained. As many as three hundred persons, comprising men, women, and children, go on one of these parties, setting out early in the morning and not returning until near midnight. If a clam region is selected as the picnic site, the party is provided with baskets, trowels, and spades, pots, kettles, dishes, and general cooking-utensils and table service. They go away with gayly fluttering banners, very often with a band of music, which plays rousing airs through the street, and when they reach the ground, select some picturesque and shady place for the festival, after which they set out for the clam-beds, some carrying baskets and tools for digging. Of course these parties are made up of amateur clam-diggers, and when they get upon the blue-black mud they are frequently at a loss to know where to dig; but some one comes along and tells a bewildered group to look for the little holes everywhere about, which are not observed at first sight. So, everywhere that a hole is seen, a trowel or spade is thrust under it; but it would be well for those who cannot distinguish between a dead and a live clam when they see it to dig only under the hole through which a little jet of water is thrown up on walking near it. It would be well to suggest to amateurs that great care should be taken in clam-digging, and none but the live fish be retained, as one stale bivalve, if put in the "bake," will diffuse its disagreeable flavor to a score of fresh ones about it. Indeed, I have known of a whole bake being spoiled by the presence of two tainted clams.

After as many clams are obtained as will satisfy the party, they are taken to the roasting-bed. This is made in the following manner: A great number of large stones is collected and placed side by side to cover a circular area from ten to thirty feet in diameter, according to the number of persons to be fed. Upon these stones is placed a large quantity of wood, and on this wood another layer of wood, after which a fire is lighted. When the fire burns low, the mass of stone glows white; then come along picnickers with baskets of bottle kelp, fresh and dripping from the sea; a thick layer of kelp is laid over the heated stones; the clams are spread over this layer to any depth required, another covering of kelp is put over the clams, and the whole is covered with sails or tarpaulins in such a manner as to prevent the escape of the steam. This the picnickers call baked clams, but it is really steamed clams, and the fish, when tasted, has a definite flavor of the kelp and the sea. The hot bivalves are carried away in baskets to the picnic-grounds, and eaten on the green while the shells almost burn one's fingers. There are large dishes of melted butter, and into this each picnicker dips the racy morsel, holding it by the neck, which every connoisseur bites off and drops. Wine is "opened," toasts are given, and grandiloquent speeches delivered. The politician pats every man upon the shoulder, pays some appropriate compliment to every woman, and kisses and dandles every baby. He praises the youngsters, and predicts some special line of success for each. So it goes till dark, when the horses are hitched, and the party starts for home.

At some of the political as well as other clam picnics chowder finds greater favor than the baked bivalves. Huge tanks of chowder, sometimes containing as much as fifty gallons, are made and brought to the grounds, a special wagon being employed for that purpose; but they frequently dig their own clams, and cook them in huge pots, throwing in basketfuls of turnips, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and crackers, besides large quantities of meat chopped fine and sage or some other savory herb. Young and old hang expectantly around the pot, and when the mess is served many eat of it so heartily that they go away under the trees and sleep off the gorge. But, as a rule, they put up swings, play games upon the green, dance, run races, or tumble in the surf.

The chowder is first cooked at noon, and every one turns to, even a baby being expected to eat two dishfuls. The afternoon is spent in various recreations, and about six o'clock the cold chowder is warmed, or new clams are dug and fresh made.

But, as I have said, it is the German population that most favor chowder parties. The owner of the largest tally-ho stable in New York informs me that he does not believe that there is a single German in the city who does not some time through the summer go to a chowder party. Every German club has one or two or more parties in the year, and small excursions are made up of persons who live near each other, or acquaintances from all quarters. Holidays and Saturdays are selected, and if the party is large enough, tally-ho coaches are engaged for the day. There is a tally-ho stable in the city which conveys as many as 250 persons to the chowder-grounds in a day. There are a great many others which carry from a dozen to fifty persons in a day. Among the poorer classes the expense of the chowder party is borne equally by all the men comprising it; there are also boys' parties, composed of lads who have saved all their spare pennies for several weeks. They invite their fathers, mothers, and sisters, and, as a rule, have the chowder made before starting, taking with them bats and balls, swings, quoits, racquets, croquet sets, ninepins, etc. They likewise leave at an early hour of the morning, unless on Saturday, getting back a little before midnight.

Chowder parties go to various points from the city, all who can afford it engaging a number of tally-ho coaches. A tally-ho can easily accommodate a dozen persons, and sometimes a score will crowd on. The stable usually supplies the trumpeters who blow tally-ho blasts as the party goes through the town on the way to the ferry. There is no sight more picturesque in coaching on this side of the water than tally-ho parties. The women trick their dresses out with bright colors, wear broad-brimmed hats, and carry bunches of flowers. The men and boys wear tennis flannels or base-ball suits, and each coach flutters with flags. Every one seems happy, and all the turmoil and cares of life in the store, the factory, or the office are utterly forgotten. The little ones yell with joy, and clap their hands as the trumpeters blow on their blatant instruments. The whole party throws kisses to the persons it passes on the way, and I saw the other day a very pretty young girl toss a little bunch of roses to a young man, who stood for a moment and raised his hat as the gay coach rattled past him. As soon as the stables are left, some German, English, or French song is taken up, every one on the coach joining

in the chorus. The singer sways and waves his flag, and the men and boys join hands at certain parts of the song. These coaches are often so loaded that boys actually hang on like bees, shouting and waving their hats as the coach rattles along. Some of the passengers are on the top, others inside, and the trumpeters sit in front, and sound their blasts after the manner of huntsmen urging on their hounds. Tradespeople leave their hot stores as the joyous cavalcade rolls by, wind their hats, and often join for a few seconds in the song, then look wistfully after the vanishing wheels. A German party twines the banner of the father-land with the Stars and Stripes, and the French picnickers set the tricolor, and some of them the old oriflamme, fluttering beside the standard of the Union.

In some of the Irish processions the green flag is displayed with the national colors, having upon it the "harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," the party singing vociferously the song of the Irish melodist. The coaches frequently drive four or five miles to the different ferries, and the party is not subject to the hustling of an ordinary picnic crowd. Favorite resorts of chowder parties are College Point (on Long Island), Bay Side, Coney Island, Fort Hamilton, Staten Island, South Beach, scores of places along the Hudson and on the Sound, Englewood, Paterson, and several other parts of New Jersey. The coaches that go to distant places are engaged from the morning till midnight, but those that go only short distances, drop their passengers at the picnic-grounds, go home, and return after nightfall. At many of the chowder parks lessees or owners maintain large sheds, having open sides and rough board tables, upon which the steaming chowder is laid. Kegs of lager-beer, kept on ice, are tapped and served all through the day; and some venders, with an eye to business, keep large pots going constantly cooking *Frankfurters mit Sauerkraut*. All through the day there are songs and games, and dancing is the entertainment for the afternoon and evening.

Many parties provide themselves with fireworks, which they shoot off from the coaches on returning to the city at night. The spectacle is very gorgeous as the long line of coaches passes along through the streets, throwing into the air hissing rockets; blue, yellow, green, purple, and white balls; trees, fiery dragons, and, above all, that wild pyrotechnic known latterly as the "Devil among the Tailors."

The tally-ho coach is an old English conveyance, and the term is the same as that used by huntsmen in olden times urging on their hounds.

THE NEW WHALEBACK BOATS.

BY EDWARD HUNTINGTON DWIGHT.

SINCE the earliest day of the American merchant-marine probably no form of vessel—not even excepting Robert Fulton's first steam-propelled craft—has received more attention and excited more criticism, both favorable and unfavorable, in England as well as in this country, than has the peculiarly shaped vessel known as the "McDougall whaleback."

It is true that this particular form of vessel has been used upon the Great Lakes, not only for barges, but latterly for propellers, but it was not until this summer that any attempt was made to introduce it as an ocean carrier. The recent transatlantic trip of the *Charles W. Wetmore* and the coasting cruises of the *Joseph L. Colby* have now directed the attention of all interested in shipping to the possibilities of this novel form of marine construction.

Built entirely of steel plates, the general form of the vessel, as may be seen by the accompanying illustration, is that of a huge cigar with both ends cut off to an equal diameter and the upper side somewhat flattened. The slightly rounded deck, from which it derives its name of "whaleback," has neither bulwarks nor spars, protection being afforded by a fence of five strands of wire-rope supported in steel stanchions. A turret forward and a superstructure aft are all that show above the cigar-shaped hull. That superstructure is the cabin, which, resting upon a deck of steel, is supported by three turrets of varying diameters. Sixteen cylindrical shafts, which serve as ventilators for the engine and boiler rooms in the hull, give additional support and security. Antiquarians declare that this peculiar type of vessel, barring turrets and cabin, is built on almost the same model as the barges constructed by Jacques Cartier for exploration on the upper St. Lawrence River in the earlier half of the sixteenth century.

The *Charles W. Wetmore* is the first of these steamers to have crossed the Atlantic. She sailed from West Superior, Wisconsin, where she was built, on the 11th of last June, loading at Montreal a cargo of 90,000 bushels of wheat, for Liverpool. She is the largest vessel that has ever successfully shot the rapids of the upper St. Lawrence River, and any one whose fortune it has been to descend in the regular mail-boat those treacherous and intricate channels and seething shallows will appreciate the difficulty of successfully steering a steel steamship 265 feet in length and 38 feet beam over these rocks and whirlpools.

Upon her way up the Mersey, at the ending of her successful voyage, thousands of people thronged the shores, from New Brighton to the Waterloo docks; for the news of the approach of the singular craft had preceded her, and all Liverpool seemed anxious to obtain a view of the strange American visitor.

A good use was made of this interest. While lying at the dock an admittance fee of one shilling was charged, the proceeds being devoted to the Liverpool Sailors' Orphanage, and five bright boys from that institution took entire charge of the gangway. One hundred and thirteen pounds were realized during the week.

The vessel returned to this country in ballast, and created a great deal of interest in newspaper and shipping circles while lying at her dock in Brooklyn. Her next voyage will be to points on Puget Sound, *via* the Strait of Magellan, a cruise of upwards of fourteen thousand miles.

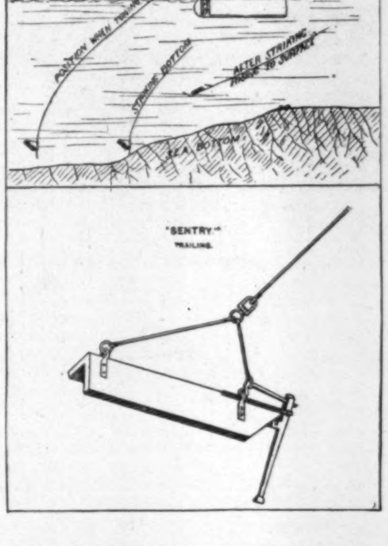
The points of advantage claimed by the advocates of the whaleback are, first, economy of construction; second, economy of navigation; third, carrying capacity in proportion to draught; fourth, steadiness in all weather when loaded. In regard to the second point, economy of navigation, the general reader may form some approximate idea from the fact that during her return voyage in ballast the whaleback consumed but twelve tons of coal a day, which in comparison with, say, the *Teutonic* is as one to twenty-five, while the crew at the utmost numbers but twenty-two men.

As an economical carrier, the *Wetmore* has a capacity of three thousand tons when drawing but seventeen feet of water.

A more complete test of the steadiness of this form of vessel when loaded could not have been had than that afforded on her voyage to Liverpool, at which port, when her hatches were opened, the footprints and shovel marks made by the grain-handlers in Montreal were distinctly visible upon the surface of the cargo. Her rounded sides and cylindrical turrets offer the least possible resistance to the waves, which, instead of breaking against or upon her, glide smoothly over her whaleback.

Besides being the first of her kind to cross the Atlantic, the *Wetmore* will also be the first vessel of any description built upon the Great Lakes that has ever undertaken to reach the Pacific Ocean.

Whether the whaleback, as many believe, is destined to be the ocean carrier of the future or whether she is not, whether she is destined to revolutionize international traffic or whether she is not, she is certainly a novel and unique form of marine architecture, and if she fulfils the expectations of her advocates, it will be a strange thing for the shipper of the future to look back to that the first of the whalebacks, which then cover the sea, was built at a point twelve hundred miles inland, at the head of Lake Superior.



A CURIOUS SEA MACHINE.

BY J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

AMONG all the devices employed by seamen to make coast navigation less hazardous, none is so odd in principle as the lately invented submarine sentry. Its use is to keep a continuous under-water lookout, and to warn the mariner automatically of his entrance upon shallow waters. There are many methods of getting the depths of the sea, from the simple hand-lead, which the sailor swings with the old familiar song, to the piano-wired tubes and spring indexes of Sir William Thompson. But in all a definite interval, which may spell disaster, exists between successive casts. In gloomy weather, with an uncertain shore-line close aboard, a heave of the lead may show there are water and sea room in plenty; but even before the next cast can be made, the ship may have passed the zone of safety and quick recovery, and be imperilled, lost.

The logs, the yarns, of strandings are nearly all alike, and the captain's official "protests" read much the same. "The weather," they usually tell us, "was thick and foggy, the sky was overcast, no lights were visible, and the ship's position, after days of no sun or stars, was unknown, save by dead-reckoning. Orders were given to slow down, to shorten sail. A cast of the lead carefully taken showed so many fathoms; another cast so many minutes later gave such and such water. The lead was kept going at intervals; the fog shut in thick, until at last the lookout at the cathead, with sudden yells, reported breakers (white water, reefs, cliffs, bluffs, long stretches of sandy beach—Heaven only knows what) dead ahead. The engines were reversed, sails braced hard aback, but too late—the ship struck." And then follows the conventional tag to the nautical drama—disaster, often death.

And the moral of it all is that the vessel was lost because the intervals between the successive casts were too long, or because the labor involved in getting the depth of water was so great that no soundings were taken. To avoid these intervals and to minimize this labor of frequent soundings by providing a continuous under-water lookout that will warn instantly is the asserted purpose of the "submarine sentry," as the inventor happily calls it.

Briefly described, it consists of an inverted wooden kite, which can be trailed from the stern of a vessel at any required depth down to 45 fathoms. It is slung by a span—a triangle of wire—and is towed by a thin steel line, which has a tenacity of 129 tons to a square inch of section. From the forward lower end of the kite a trigger descends. This is functioned by a spring working in a slotway, and in such a manner that when the bottom is struck, the trigger releases the span and allows the kite to capsize, and, by its buoyancy, to rise instantly to the surface. What is more, at the instant of striking, the tension of the wire is so relaxed that the reel holding it flies back and strikes a signal gong attached to the inboard winch which governs the action of the machine. In addition to this positive bell alarm, the continuous rattling of an attached sounding-box ceases when the vibrating towing-wire is released, and thus negatively a double alarm is secured. But besides this quick warning of danger, it gives the depth attained upon a dial attached to the winch, and thus, within certain limits, affords an approximate estimate of the distance off shore.

It is not proposed to employ the machine with speeds greater than 13 knots, though the inventor claims it could be readily adapted to higher speeds. He argues that anything beyond 13 knots would be useless, as a captain, doubtful of his position and anxious about the depth of water, would hardly go at a higher rate. But this position seems untenable in the light of present experience, and constitutes, to my mind, a serious defect in the machine.

Although the primary, the main, object of the sentry is to act as an under-water danger guard by being trailed for any length of time at a set depth, yet single soundings to 45 fathoms can be taken with it when the vessel is under way. To accomplish this, the slings of the kite are adjusted, and it is put over the stern; the wire is then stretched through the fair leaders, and the coil slowly unwound by a hand-brake. When the bottom is reached, the gong sounds and the kite soars serenely to the surface, while the dial at once shows the approximate vertical depth, without compelling the observer to wait until the whole apparatus is reeled and hauled on board.

Two forms of kite are issued, one painted black, to be used ordinarily for depths down to 30 fathoms, and another painted red, which is specially designed for use between 30 and 45 fathoms. These differences of depth depend upon the angle to the horizontal plane at which the kite is made to trail, and are governed mechanically by the form and dimensions of the triangle used as the sling, and by its position relative to the centre of action of the water on the kite. Setting the slings further back, without altering the distance between them, obviously gives a steeper slope to the kite, the maximum effect being obtained with an inclination of about 53 degrees. But as this would be too steep in practice except for slow speed, and would bring too much of a strain on the towing-wire, the angle adopted is the smallest which will not prevent the kite descending to the depths assumed to be essential in actual sea work. Experiments have proved that the sentry is not expensive, its cost, measured relatively to the retardation in speed and expressed in coal consumption, being in the ratio of about two pounds of coal for each indicated horse-power, or at the rate of two cents per hour.

The practical handling of the kite is very simple. It is slung at the angle fixed by the instructions, and lowered to the surface of the sea. The wire tow-line is carefully eased outboard by means of a hand-brake, and the heavy end is allowed slowly to dip. The strain of the passing wave stream acts upon the kite, and it sinks quickly, almost vertically, to the required depth and position. The sounding-box immediately begins its rattle, a devil's tattoo that never ends until the sentry gives its warning hail. The ship runs along, shoaling her water, perhaps, in any event, until the depth designated beforehand is reached. Then, with sudden jar, the trigger strikes the bottom, the slings of the kite are released, and the apparatus almost springs to the surface. The rattle of the sounding-box ceases, and the wire reel, which is heavy for its compact dimensions, and has been strained from the perpendicular by the tug and tautness of the towing-line, swings back with a quick impulse and strikes a gong. The dial is read, and if deemed expedient, the speed is reduced and the sounding verified by a cast of the lead, taken either with the same machine or with a hand-line. By a little practice one person can put the kite overboard, take the soundings, and reel it in again. It has been tried abroad, and, among others, Commander Carpenter, R.N., reports that "on a trial with the machine in the Frith of Clyde, a near bank or bar was located by its means, on which the depth was found to be as little as $6\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, though the chart showed 26."

The sentry is, however, by no means perfect, though perhaps, next to Sir William Thompson's sounding-machine, it is the most important contribution made in late years to navigational purposes. It reveals the defects which may be expected when purely mechanical and automatic devices seek to replace unceasing care and vigilance, backed by brains and nerves. Captain Wharton, Hydrographer of the Royal Navy, declared that during an experimental trial in the Channel the sentry went off at half-cock—that is, it purchased without having struck the bottom. He also asserts that the depth to which it is selected to go depends so entirely upon the angle of the kite that a very small variation will make a difference of several fathoms between the true and the recorded soundings. There is no doubt that the comparatively slow speeds at which it must be used to be effective count against it to some degree, as do the limitations to the depths at which it can be worked. Very often, indeed, around the nook-shotten and shallow-intrenched coast-lines of the world, ships have to run in for ports and shores where the 50-fathom line is close to the beach; and should the skippers of these vessels in such circumstances trust to the sentries alone and implicitly, they would, more often than underwriters, be apt to come to grief.

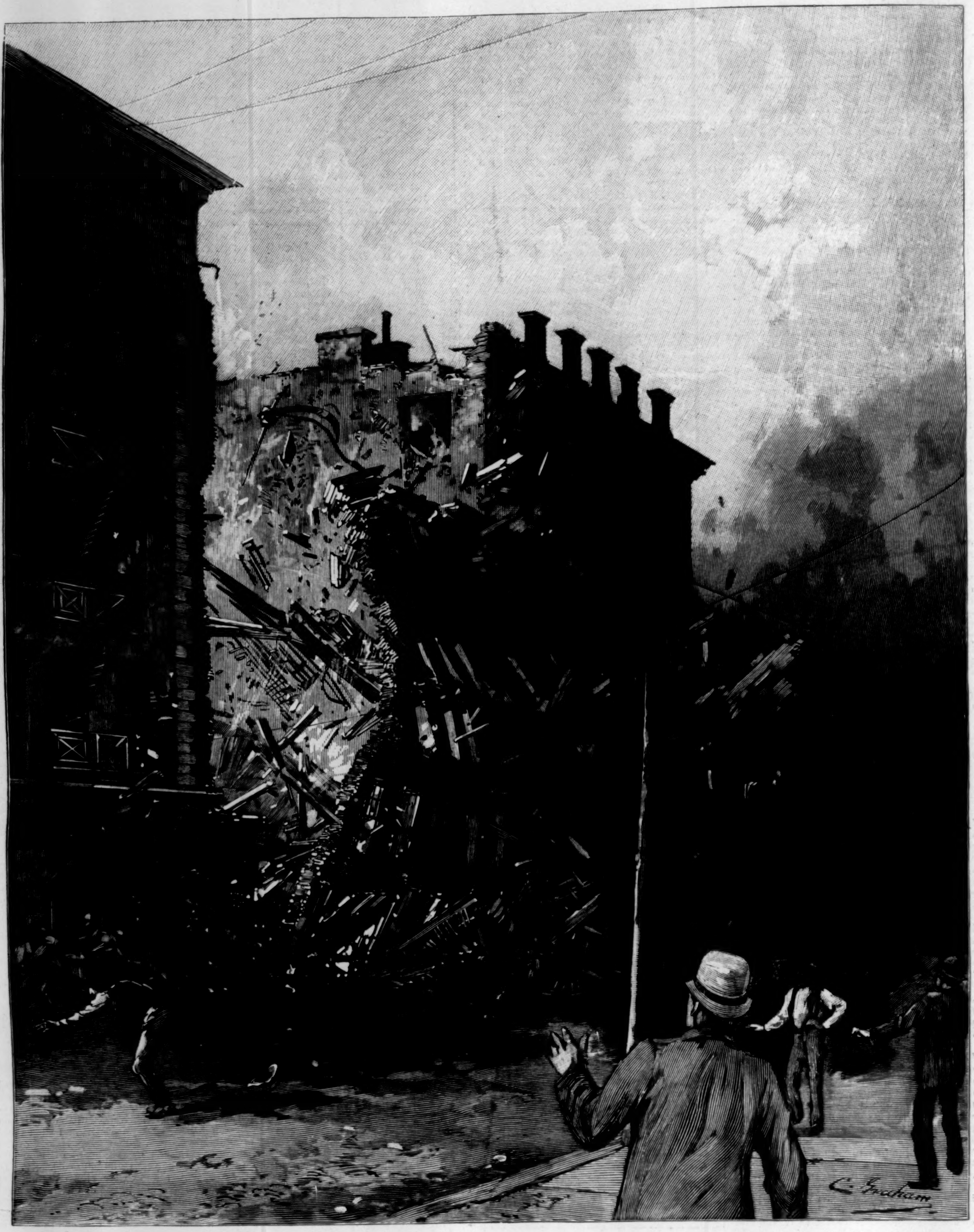
Of course the inventor denies all these defects, and Professor Lambert, who described the machine before the Royal United Service Institution, asserted, after putting aside, to his own satisfaction at least, all the obstacles, that the "possible difficulties pointed out by the hydrographer are really, I think, not realized in practice. In fact, the only anxiety I personally have had about the machine during the last six months—and this is practically removed now—has been to prevent an inexperienced or nervous man from jerking the brake when applying it or paying out the wire."

It may be well to remember that the sentry is, in its main intention, not a "sounding" but a "lookout" machine. So far as sounding goes, the work is already most efficiently done by the "navigational" instrument of Sir William Thompson. The use of this—and it is simplicity itself—tells the navigator when he is still far from danger, and this while running at 14, 16, or 18 knots speed. In this manner the seaman, feeling his way in depths of from 100 to 200 fathoms, knows with great certainty his approximate position. He knows when to slow down, when slowing down is necessary; he knows exactly how far he may proceed with safety, taking a cast every five or ten minutes, or as often as his judgment tells him he should; and with its aid he can locate his position by marking parallel courses on the chart, and finding where the recorded soundings therein most nearly agree with those given by the machine.

Together the sentry and the navigational machine make a most happy pair, though nothing can ever take the place of unwearying vigilance. Their use will go far to lessen the number of sea disasters, and what these are may be seen from a hasty résumé of the data furnished by the Board of Trade returns for the year ending June 30, 1889. In that period there were 2153 strandings of British ships, and in 325 of these cases total loss resulted, involving the sacrifice of 115,083 tons of shipping and of 232 lives. The total tonnage either actually lost, or in danger of being lost, amounted to 1,269,994 tons, representing a money value of £25,000,000.

"Of course," says Professor Lambert, "we do not expect that the submarine sentry will prevent a ship from stranding under all possible circumstances. I should say it will fully justify its invention if it prevents three or four per cent. of the yearly strandings. Certainly if property to the value of twenty-five millions sterling is in jeopardy every year from stranding, and if the use of the sentry prevents £1,000,000 from getting into that condition, it will have proved a very valuable invention, even if we take no account of the loss of life it may have prevented."

Here, then, is a new field for inventors. Surely there must be some electrical or other device that will fulfil all this, and somewhere on this hot-bed of inventive genius must be some one fitted for the work. Who, then, will accomplish it?



THE PARK PLACE DISASTER—THE SUDDEN COLLAPSE OF THE TAYLOR BUILDING.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

THE PARK PLACE DISASTER.

THE STORY OF THE DISASTER.

SATURDAY, August 22d, was a half-holiday. At noon the labor of the week was practically over, and thousands of busy workers turned their steps in all directions on rest and pleasure bent. By one o'clock all the ferry and railroad depots were filled with the crowd that still continued to radiate from the business centre of the city. "There's a big fire down-town," a late arrival said; and another would volunteer the opinion that several people were probably hurt, for more than one ambulance had dashed across the paths of the pleasure-seekers. Thus was the rumor of a great disaster carried far and wide; yet no one could say positively what it was until the early editions of the evening papers were brought to the race-track or base-ball field; cried beside sea, and sold beneath the shady piazzas of summer hotels. Even then the full extent of the disaster was merely hinted at, and many deemed the reports exaggerated. A large building had fallen in, burying a number of people under the ruins; that was all that could be told, for fire was added to the work of destruction.

Down-town a vast crowd of people had been arrested in their ways, and they filled the streets near the wrecked building, pushing close to the police lines. Park Place was a mass of anxious, curious, pushing people, who gazed at the rolls of steam and smoke that rose from the place where the building had stood, while they speculated upon the possible causes, and wondered how many were hurt. Meanwhile the ambulances came, the force of police was increased, and the dead-wagon from the morgue drew up beside the curb.

The ruined building was five stories high, situated on the south side of Park Place, between Greenwich Street and College Place. Four stores occupied the ground-floor, while above ranged a series of business and manufacturing firms. A restaurant and drug-store were among those that fronted on the street, and at the time of the catastrophe—half past twelve—the restaurant was pretty well filled. Several printing firms, with their heavy presses, were on the fourth and fifth floors. Some of the workers had gone home just before the disaster, while others waited for their weekly pay, preparatory to an afternoon of amusement. Directly across the street Rudolph Reiser, an intelligent carpenter, was working near the window on the fourth floor. At the moment the building fell he looked over the way, and saw a lot of paper and dust shaken into the air. He called hurriedly to his side partner at the bench that the boiler had gone, and advised getting out. Looking again toward the building, he saw the cornice of the roof tumble forward. Then brick after brick rolled off, falling by hundreds, resembling the noise of coal as it is poured through iron chutes intensified

THE PARK PLACE DISASTER—SEARCHING THE RUINS BY NIGHT.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 676.]

a hundredfold. The floors in the rear of the building gave way first, and fell downward, one after another, while the front wall seemed to collapse story by story as the flooring dropped. It was all over in an instant, and the building was levelled from cellar to roof; and while the watcher stood amazed he saw a man jump up from the débris, which had fallen into the street to the height of three stories. As the man gained his feet he looked around with a dazed air, not knowing what had happened. Then to the left he saw another man lying flat on a beam which projected from the heap, pinned by heavy boards. At that moment three citizens ran from Greenwich Street, ascended the heap, and with the help of the one who had escaped as by a miracle, rescued the man on the beam, who was unconscious. While this was going on, two men crawled out of the cellarway where the grating had been beneath the large show-window of the restaurant, and two boys appeared on top of the heap near the rear wall, and made their escape. The drama was quickly enacted, for it was almost instantly that the flames broke forth in one great mass. Such is the story of an eye-witness.

What the collapse of the building was due to no one is capable of saying. At first it was thought that the boiler or chemicals in the drug-store had exploded. But the general opinion is that the beams of the building gave way and tumbled the whole thing in. These beams ran from the street wall to the rear, and not parallel with the street, as is usual. The vibrations of the heavy presses caused the building to oscillate, and by this movement it is supposed that the beams in the rear wall were loosened and finally worked out, which completed the awful story.

After three days of work upon the ruins 61 bodies were taken out, 41 of which were identified.

A REVIEW OF THE DISASTER.

The Park Place disaster has been spoken of in the daily papers as horrible. This seems a proper adjective enough, under the circumstances, but the accident, while horrible enough at first, became degrading and offensively vulgar. What was a public calamity was made a public show. Where the dead and those who were nearest to them should have been alone admitted, politicians, amateur photographers, and lemonade-sellers crowded close to see, and gratified their love for what was awful and unusual. The police were not alone to blame for this. It was the spirit of the crowd, and the crowd was the spirit of the people of this city, where no man knows his next-door neighbor or the lodger over his head on the floor above, or cares to know him. For any display of local or real feeling shown in this disaster, it might have occurred in Chicago or San Francisco or St. Petersburg.

Anything more unfeeling, undignified, and degrading than the scenes that followed the sudden burial of the Park Place victims has not been known in New York for many days. The whole thing, from the brutal apathy of the police towards the mourners to their equally callous treatment of the dead, was shameful and barbarous. The men in charge of the ruins and their removal were intoxicated a great part of the time, so were the mourners, some of whom, it is said, identified any body as the one belonging to them in order that they might reap the insurance—this was the spirit of the place. There was no sacredness for the dead nor regret for the living. The Mayor telegraphed his regret three days after the disaster occurred, and Commissioner Gilroy visited the scene on the fourth day. In the mean while an unorganized gang of Italians picked gingerly at the bricks, fearful lest they might come upon a dead body, and the mass of ruined buildings, wrecked machinery, and mangled human beings remained for four days "on exhibition" to thousands of callous sensation-lovers. The heads of the city departments, who might or should have been in charge, did not appear until the leisurely removal of the dead and the wreck about them was accomplished. And the management of this, perhaps the greatest of disasters that has come to this city for a quarter of a century, was left in the hands of a police captain, a foreman of an engine-house, and the unsympathetic interest of the never-decreasing audience of morbid spectators. The sum that is being raised for the survivors, no matter how large it may become, will not wipe out the memory of the four days in which the disaster was treated as a public show.

IN CONFIDENCE.

The sea heard; and the deep sad sea
Throbbed with one bitter secret more,
But set no murmuring rumor free
By wind or bird to cave or shore.

The stars saw; but no trembling star
Of all the wide bewildering train
Has ever whispered from afar
The story of this hopeless pain.

The night knew; but the tender night
Unveils no tears, betrays no sighs;
She wraps away from sound and sight
Despairing hearts and watching eyes.

What if the night and stars and sea
Should but for once their pledge forget,
And softly breathe alone to thee,
"She loved thee then, she loves thee yet"?

A. N.

MAJOR J. HENRY SLEEPER.

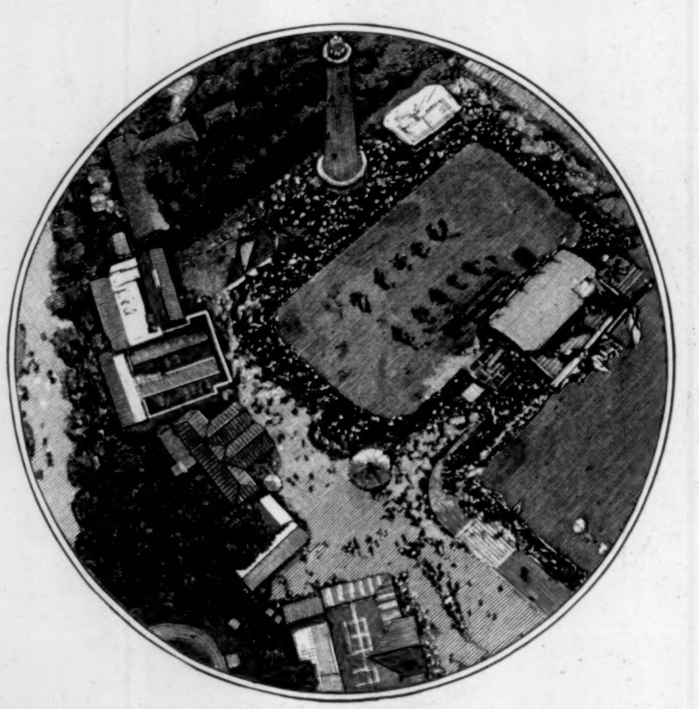
HOW IT LOOKS FROM A BALLOON.

An English scientist recently made some interesting photographs of the landscape lying vertically beneath him during a balloon ascent from the site of the Naval Exhibition on the Thames. The experiment, as described by one of the party in *Black and White*, presents features somewhat unusual in amateur photographing, and the resulting pictures, two of which are here presented, are odd and interesting examples of what might be not improperly termed the "ground-plan" of a wide prospect.

The scientific instruments taken along for making barometric and other observations, and a kodak camera, were strapped to the side of the car, as the balloon rose at mid-afternoon of a clear day, with the sky broken only by a few clouds, and with a gentle breeze blowing from the west. To the aeronaut ascending directly upward there is no sensation of motion, the only indication of his progress aloft being the rapid diminution in size of familiar objects on the ground, and the constant widening of the field of view. On this occasion, with the casting off of the stay rope, the balloon shot directly upward two thousand feet, during which ascent the first view, covering the grounds of the Naval Exhibition, was taken vertically downward from the car. At the height of two-fifths of a mile above the earth, persons on the ground seemed to be mere moving specks, and groups of people resembled swarms of ants. The grounds, the lake, and the river appeared as tiny patches, and the light-house and other edifices resembled toy houses. A cricket match taking place on the Oval near Vauxhall Bridge gave the impression to the air voyagers of white mice playing upon a green loo table.

As the balloon floated above the Middlesex side, Millbank Penitentiary, with its great array of regularly arranged buildings, presented the appearance of an octagonal unplanted flower bed laid out with unusual precision. Clapham Common and the Crystal Palace were readily distinguishable; Hyde Park, the Serpentine, Regent's Park, Hampstead, and Highgate appeared as open spaces that varied the monotony of the otherwise seemingly continuous mass of brick and mortar constituting the house walls of London. Except for a few openings of this character, the city, seen from aloft, presented the aspect of a vast area of unbroken roof in monotonous tints of slate and tile. The stately houses of Parliament looked like a working-model, while the clock tower could readily have been taken for the slot for the reception of the penny which sets the wheels in motion.

Above the Thames—which the balloon crossed several times, thereby securing for its passengers a fine view of the port of London and its docks—ballast was thrown out, and the air-ship rose to a height of four thousand feet over Greenwich Observatory and Woolwich. Floating for the fourth time over the river—at Purfleet—the voyagers were carried above a pleasing tract of agricultural country, with fields marked in varying shades of green and brown. At this point the second photograph here presented was obtained, after which the balloon descended on the same side of the river from which it had risen, and the aeronauts safely disembarked, bearing as trophies of their expedition several excellent pictures taken from these novel points of view.



MAJOR J. HENRY SLEEPER.

Major J. Henry Sleeper, of "Sleeper's Battery," was born in Boston, April 6, 1839, and died at Marblehead Neck, August 19, 1891.

In April, 1861, he went out with the Fifth Massachusetts Volunteers as Second Lieutenant, becoming, in September following, First Lieutenant of the First Massachusetts Battery, and in September, 1862, Captain of the Tenth Massachusetts Light Artillery. As "Sleeper's Battery," the Tenth became one of the famous organizations of the Second Corps, and Major Sleeper (he gained the brevet in 1864 for gallant and meritorious service at Ream's Station) remained in command until, believing the war was over, he resigned in February, 1865.

Without early military training, he was instinctively a soldier, and a gallant, successful officer, earning and holding the respect of his associates, volunteers and regulars alike. Then, more than now, were West-Pointers wont to undervalue the abilities of those appointed from civil life, but the Major had no warmer friends than Hancock, Hunt, Porter, and other graduates of the Academy.

To him the war ended with the fighting, and he carried into private life only charity for his adversaries' views and admiration for their courage. Those who miss him—and they are all who knew him—recall his abhorrence of sectional feeling, and his happy pride that love of country was no longer bounded on the south by Mason and Dixon's line.

His men believed in him, and have kept their organization alive, retaining him, as President of the Tenth Battery Association, still at their head. It is a touching and significant fact that the surviving veterans of the battery asked the privilege of bearing to its last resting-place the body of the loved commander under whom they fought so faithfully and bravely more than a quarter of a century ago.

"AGED ONE HOUR."

A tiny bark from a hidden shore—
No chart, no helm, no sail, no oar—
Drifting out on the unknown main,
Only to sink from sight again.

A little life, so pure, so brief;
One moan, and then a sweet relief;
A shadow thrown on some hearth-stone;
A whispered prayer, "Thy will be done."

Gertrude S. Bowen.

PRACTICAL HAPPINESS.

HOME FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM HEBREWS.

I BELIEVE that Orientals have more reverence for the old than those in whose veins there courses another blood. Philosophize on this topic, which, in its simplest expression, is caring for the aged, you will understand that when primitive man no longer showed indifference to the wants of a non-contributing and therefore useless or helpless father or mother, the younger man's moral nature made its first great step in advance. It was the awakening of family affection. Take that remorseless law, the survival of the fittest; of God's creatures it is man alone who tries to extend for a few years or months the lives of others whose days are nearly spent.

Occupied with what are more congenial topics, enamored with their art, we hark back to the nearer Assyria, Phœnicia, Egypt, Greece, and grope there for the moral precedents. Bold is he who dares say, "Look further beyond; go still more to the east." Let him point to China as the country, the cradle of humanity, which from an unknown past has exerted its silent influence. In China ancestral worship is part and parcel, root and branch, of a religion which existed four thousand years before Christ, and its creed has not been changed to-day. Ancestral worship spread from East to West. It penetrated all Asia. It sanctifies Vedic and Sanscrit poetry. What more beautiful sentiment is there than this, when Sakontala tends her flowers: "Let us give water to those plants which have passed their flowering-time, for our virtue will be the greater when it is wholly disinterested." Under certain modifications this respect for age became fixed among the tent-dwellers in Arabia, or that land north of it from whence sprang the Jew.

Jewish sentimentalism in regard to the treatment of their old people may be Oriental or not Oriental—you are at liberty to call it what you please—but it is very beautiful and touching; and it is good because assiduous and painstaking; and it carries out absolutely what it tries to do. Sentimentalism, when at work in a Home for the aged and infirm, is it practical?

Of charitable institutions, those devoted to the care of the aged present special difficulties. For an old man or woman there is no fountain of youth, no rejuvenescence. Age is an incurable disease. Inmates of Homes are necessarily fixtures. With each added year cares increase. Questions of comfortable quarters, sanitary conditions, though complex, are somewhat material in general character, and find their solution in expenditure. So much money per head, per diem, may seem a hard way of putting it, but it is the only common-sense method of considering any business.

Endless has been the study devoted to the clothing of the aged, the food best suited for waning appetites, and the talents of specialists have been taxed to their utmost powers. But there is something which neither dollars nor cents will buy for the aged, and that is happiness and contentedness.

"We feed and clothe you, nurse you, but beyond this purely physical routine, look you here, old folks, what more have you to ask? We are not going to call you old lumber, broken-down mechanisms, and bid you crumble or rust away, but do not exact of us the accomplishment of the impossible." Practical people say about that much, but this is really what is in their minds: "Vegetate, old cummers, and be contented to bask a little while longer in the sun, and then, when you pass away, we will attend to having you decently buried." Just here comes in this Jewish sentimentalism. It may be a most exaggerated kind of a thing, Chinese, if you please to call it so, at least it is not Russian.

The United States has many people living in it not hyphenated Americans, who have conceived the strange and unheard-of idea of making the infirm and indigent old as happy as circumstances will allow. Just fancy the Mark Tapley notion, and try to carry it out on a large scale. "No man can be called happy until he is dead." That is an Eastern saying, and the Jews ought to believe that; but with a certain fixed obstinacy these same Jews have under their direction, in the city of New York, a Home for aged and infirm Hebrews, and insist on doing their best to get round what seems to be one of the sternest and cruelest of all the dictates of fate.

I do not know how that intangible commodity contentedness is supplied to this particular Home. Many of us might like to have the address of the purveyor. Whether purchasable or not by means of certified checks, certainly the directors of this institution are giving happiness to some 140-odd old people. One likes to speculate about such things. Maybe there is some kind of poetical communism at the bottom of it? Perhaps one might find in this Home Johnson's "Rasselas" in action. Peradventure it is a nicety of touch, the way of handling old people, of which the Jews have the secret.

If you ask the question plump, "How is it that these old people seem absolutely jolly —yes, jolly—and pray explain the method?" those who are the most active workers in the Home will do their best to make it clear to you, but you never can exactly catch it. Some ideas of this kind will be ventilated in an airy manner:

"Eleemosynary! Faugh! That is a dreadful hard word. Why, the idea of giving includes that of taking, does it not? Do you not know that if you were hungry, and that with ostentation some one handed you a well-filled plate, there would be a bitter sauce to the food? The idea of doling out things to these old and helpless people! In this Home it is share and share alike."

"Oh yes! I think I see. That's fine enough."

"Do you ever read Eastern romance? Can you not conceive something of this kind? Here we are, travellers plodding along through the desert. We come to a well. We are tired, and are about to eat and refresh ourselves. There nears us one or two or three or more wayfarers. They are all old and weary with the burden of years, and they look so hungry. We say, 'Here, old men, draw up. Sit ye down on the corner of this rug. There is room enough. Eat of this loaf and of these dates. Drink of this milk. Oh, our grandfathers, are we not all children of God? And one day a hundred years from now, perhaps by this well brink, may not some of ours be bidden by some of yours to partake of bread, fruit, or milk? So no further salaams. Divide the noontide meal with us, and eat with zest, and be merry—as merry as you can. When you have left us, then pray for us.'"

"But that is bespangled Orientalism!"

"Not a bit of fustian in it. It is good, hard, common, homespun sense."

"Does it really work? Don't you make blunders sometimes?"

It was a lady who was coaching me, and her reply was: "Not often. There is something depressing when you consider how many mistakes are due to misplaced charity, but I have learned a little speech by heart, and you shall have the benefit of it." Then the speaker rattled off mechanically, without a comma, in phonographic style, the following: "Charity providing you have a superintendent a board of visitors a ticket system a steady moral pressure constantly brought to bear a judicial investigation and a board of administration and insist on knowing exactly what your right hand is doing while controlling your left of course and hem and haw over it interminably then finally charity like a cloak covereth a multitude of sins."

"That is the height of volubility," I remarked.

"Sorry. But you must excuse me. There is a dear old man, quite a friend of mine, and his heart would be broken, and mine too, if I did not have a confidential talk with him. He is much interested in politics at home and abroad. He can no longer read. No glasses answer for eyes now. I cram for him. We two settle many points of international interest, but I intend to influence his vote at the next Presidential election."

Then the lady left me, and I began to have a kind of vague idea, think it was decidedly inchoate.

I was in the garden attached to the Home, which stretches along 106th Street. There I saw another lady, who, with a winning smile, did not beckon with a patronizing finger to a feeble old woman seated on a bench, but the lady tripped along to her.

"Mother," said the lady, "let me set your cap right. There, you look so much more becoming that way."

In an instant, with the touch of a deft hand, a lilac bow on the ancient party's cap, which was awry, had been straightened out. It was such a simple thing to do, yet done so reverentially, with the same loving interest a granddaughter would show for a grandmother. It was so spontaneous that it at once went straight to the old woman's heart, and to her face too, for the wrinkles of eighty years were smoothed for the instant. Evidently these old people were not specimens put on the shelves to be dusted, polished, aired, and then set back again. They were live men and women, not dead to the world, not doomed to brooding silence, not lopped off from human sympathy.

Asking a gentleman attached to the management a trite question, "whether these old people were not—were not, let us say, crochety," the following reply was made:

"Of course some of them are. Why should they not be? I am crochety, and not forty-five. I shall be unbearable when I am sixty. I should like to find anybody when I am sixty who would dare to snub me. Age has its privileges. Remember that with physical decline comes mental decadence. Do you expect that a man of eighty, whose limbs are atrophied, should have his brain less impaired than his legs? We are bound to respect age. So that these old men's whims do not interfere with the happiness of others, this Home is the ideal republic—just such a one as that saint, Roger Williams, devised it."

"You must have excellent attendance."

"Why should we not? A nurse or an attendant would get his walking-ticket in a minute if he were harsh or used the repressive methods. You can be cross with a young child, but not with a very old one. If you know how to do it, dotage can be quietly managed. That is not our secret, not special to this Home. From many other excellent institutions in the United States where the aged are cared for we have gladly received instruction."

"But here am I trying to learn the secret of happiness, or, at least, how this Home monopolizes that commodity, and the secret is withheld from me." I was in the protesting stage.

"I really cannot tell you what it is. Still, now I come to think of it, it must be in great part due to the influence of our wives and daughters, who virtually control the inner life of this Home. The fact is that this Home was founded by women. They carry out their ideas in a practical way. No, it is not poetical. Just think now what kind of a home would a Home be which was not a home? Eh? Clean? You say you can eat off the floors everywhere? Of course it must be so. It is too clean; and though cleanliness be next to godliness, that may not always be conducive to happiness. Maybe it is direct contact that does it. Those who have this charge at heart are always present. The vice-president is a woman, and so are nine directors of the same sex. A refining interest? No, that is far-fetched."

"Well, what does it, then?"

"The old people must be made happy—must—be—made—happy. If you were to study the life history of these old men and women, you would understand it better. The native Jews, or those not born here, who are in this Home, have either had the hardest luck in life, or have outlived their families, if ever they had sons and daughters of their own, otherwise their own kin would have cared for them. These people, then, have been exceptionally unfortunate in their careers. They must have lived through years of stress and storm before finding at last a snug harbor here."

"So, then, if I am right in my surmises, there are many here more comfortable now than ever before in their lives?"

"That is exactly the case. Why are you surprised? It seems strange that we should try to put a limit on happiness. It would be as if we were to say, 'You were only moderately well-to-do before; now it is our duty to keep you a trifle less comfortable here than you were once.' The human mind has some queer ideas. Are old age and poverty a crime? To many the life they lead here, simple as it is, is the ideal one they have perhaps only dreamt of. We do not, then, plume ourselves on what may seem to others to be a great and wonderful success."

"I do not exactly follow you."

"It is easy enough to understand. Our raw material is excellent, because it has a certain original adaptiveness towards becoming happy."

"Oh! I see, a graft. On the gnarled trunk of care you set the newer variety of hope, and the old stock blooms again."

"My dear sir, I am the least poetical of men, and it is I who ask you what you mean."

"Mean! That I am thwarted in all directions. Perhaps only as an inmate myself could I get to the very bottom of it all. With age alone I might acquire wisdom."

I join Mr. Rogers, who is sketching in the garden attached to the Home. He is smiling as he draws the groups of old people seated contentedly around on benches. The grounds are gay with flowers, and there are many fine trees. Sparrows chirp and flutter, and pick up the crumbs, for a couple of waiters are handing about coffee and bread to the guests, for they really are guests at a garden party. There was no music, but I was told I ought to have been present the week before. Then a band played for the company one entire afternoon.

I watch a rosy-faced old man who bustles about, notwithstanding he drags a stiff leg. For a man of nearly eighty, he is amazingly vigorous. He carries a solid stick, and he plants it firmly on the ground. Mr. Rogers says, "That is the happiest-looking old man I ever saw," and proceeds at once to sketch him. He has a roguish look as he sucks his pipe, and blowing off a long streamer of smoke, he says, as he passes near us,

"Oh, tobacco! That is good. It is so nice to smoke at your ease in a fine garden. Tastes ever so much better. Have you seen our new flower-pots? Handsome, are they not? And oh, dear me, what is that?" and winking at us, as if there was an immense joke somewhere, with eyes beaming with pleasure, he trotted along to the furthest end of the garden, where a high wooden paling separated the Home from an open neighboring lot. Here a half-dozen ragged little boys and girls are peering through the slats. "Grandpa," cries one, and then they all pipe, "Grandpa." There is no kinship between this old Jewish man and these poor city waifs, but the old fellow chuckles and laughs. He fumbles in his breeches pocket, extricates a penny from its depths, and passes that coin to a dirty little outstretched palm. Then his face ripples all over, and smiles on smiles follow so quickly that from the limbering of his mouth he can barely hold his pipe in place.

"That," says Mr. Rogers, who stops sketching for the moment, "was the prettiest indication of perfect contentedness I ever witnessed. It was true munificence—that poor old fellow sharing his slender means with the little ones. There must be, there is, a superabundance of happiness floating loose about this place. Of course I see traces of physical pain in some of the faces. An artist finds that everywhere, among young and old, but the amount of buoyancy here is simply amazing. It is a kind of nice complacency. Age is disarmed of its terrors. How do they manage it, I wonder? But that is your business to find out."

"But I can't find it out, Mr. Rogers, and that is where your illustrations will have advantages over the text. The drawn line routs scratch of pen. Your pencil expresses what actually exists. You are not required to try and tell why it exists."

But who is senior past master in the art of living? Who has made longevity his specialty? There he is. That old gentleman with the black, flashing eyes, for there is plenty of fire and sparkle in them. He is King of the Ancients, and his name Benjamin Koenig. He says of himself, with a merry chuckle, "Yes, I am king—Koenig—the old king." Koenig is believed to be 106 years old. Dr. S. Newton Leo, the physician in charge of the Home, whose acquaintance with and study of longevity are second to none, writes me, "I am forced to the conclusion that one hundred and six is pretty nearly right." I have been rather sceptical so far as to a man living beyond the hundred, but as to Koenig I have no doubts as to his extreme old age, and for these reasons: He is a fairly well-educated man, and has retained his faculties, but principally because Jews keep sacred their family record. Think, then, of a man contemporaneous with Napoleon, and a stripling in Washington's time! Koenig was born in Prussian Poland, and came to the United States at a comparatively early age, when he was seventy-six only. Dr. Leo writes me: "The body, while fairly nourished, displays a general muscular atrophy and degeneration. Sight and hearing are hardly impaired. Koenig does not wear glasses to read ordinary print. Appetite good. Eats with relish, and has many teeth well preserved. Is fond of amusement, and particularly music. Intellect only affected at times. Is fond of joking. Respirations, 18 to 20 per minute. Pulse, 79."

I watch the senior take from a passing waiter a cup of coffee and a big slice of bread. The hands of a man of forty are often more tremulous. The solid bites visible on the slice of bread attest to teeth and vigorous jaws. At a hundred movement is difficult. Two attendants stand Koenig on his feet, and he says, "I could not stand alone now very comfortably." He is put tenderly in place again. He is in the pleasant garden; he is listening to the twitter of the birds and the rustle of the leaves, and has something to live for, for a well-to-do woman of fifty, a visitor, goes to him, kisses him, and the two talk. Family affection is still left for him.

Gracious goodness! what have we here? Following an attendant, we have left the garden party and are in the basement of the Home, and here is a goodly sized room, and for furniture it has a dozen tables, and for occupants, parties of two and three and four old people; and what are they doing? You might think they were pondering over the Talmud, settling a hair-splitting paragraph of Gamara or Mishnah. Not a bit of it. What they are doing may take your breath away; certainly it will knock out all the underpinnings of your preconceived ideas of the proprieties. Before the absolute facts are told you, remember what Talleyrand said to the young man who did not know how to play whist, "What a terrible old age you are preparing for yourself!"

What are these ancient people doing? Playing cards and games with dominoes. Now what else are these old fellows to do? Is not their season for physical enjoyment passed? Are you to expect at fourscore that jumping hurdles, sprinting, dancing, bicycling are possible? Would you like them to mope? Many of them can no longer find recreation in reading, because of failing eyesight, but the black or red of the pips on the cards they can make out at a glance. Catch them mistaking a six for a seven! Playing cards keeps their old wits clear, dissipates the *tædium vitæ*, and supplies the exact stimulant for their brains. These old fellows are to be made happy, and if in penuckle there be sin, I fail to see it. It is, of course, card-playing "for love," but how concentrated is the attention of these patriarchs over their cards, as if millions were at stake! How they laugh and chatter! Smoke! The room is thick with it. Perhaps the smoke will shorten their days? Well, it might, and when you consider that in this room the average of the ages of the smokers and card-players is very much beyond seventy, there is really the chance of some of them being cut off yet in their prime and flower.

With that fixed and unswervable idea of giving not only a comfortable existence, but of adding happiness to the lives of these old men, I may perhaps get an inkling of the ways employed in this seemingly occult business by means of a garden and a card and smoking room. To entertain the women to prevent their lapsing into indifference, numerous plans have been devised, and are successfully carried out.

"By cheerfulness and contentedness the lamp of life is made to burn a little longer." That is a bit of Eastern philosophy worthy of general Western adoption. It may at least be noted that at this Home the machinery employed differs materially from that in common usage. You may put on your color and be ornamental in the description of a retreat of this kind for old humanity, but hard facts and figures do not assort with floridity. This is the question: do these Jews by their loving care prolong the lives of those they tend? I take the statistics of this Home. The last mortality average of May, 1891, was seventy-nine years one month. Longevity average per capita for the last five years, eighty-one years.

B. P.

A HOME FOR AGED HEBREWS, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 679.]

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—VIEW OF THE ART BUILDING.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 682.]

THE PASSENGER MOLE, VALPARAISO.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

ART BUILDING—WORLD'S FAIR.

DURING the earlier period of the Quadricentennial Columbian Exposition one of its most uncertain features was the gallery for the display of the fine arts. The ancient dispute among the directors and the stockholders with concern to the site will be remembered; but even after the so-called lake front was abandoned as in favor of Jackson Park, the site for the palace of fine arts remained undecided upon. Among the more wealthy patrons of art in Chicago there was a feeling of opposition to Jackson Park as a location for the gallery. And this feeling, be it said, was of the right order in that aspect of it which had a bearing on the city of Chicago itself. The aforesaid patrons, and Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson in particular, were all in favor of erecting on the lake front (by which is meant the strand near the mid-city) a solid and enduring building of stone that would remain as a permanent home for art and artists in Chicago long after the Fair had gone out of existence.

Mr. Hutchinson and his friends were eager that this building should be used by the directors of the Exposition for their art display. Thus part of the expense of the building of it would be met by the World's Fair fund, and most of it by the Art Institute Association and citizens generally. The cost of the proposed structure was to have been in the neighborhood of $2,000,000.

The discussion was prolonged, and the permanent art palace project hung fire until at last the directors decided to confine the entire Fair to Jackson Park, and this determination, of course, at once put an end to the proposal for the lake-front site. The permanent art palace will be built, but it will in no way relate to the Exposition. The plans for the World's Fair art building were drawn independently, and it will be erected with the other Exposition structures at Jackson Park. The style of the building, as it would appear from the plans and the perspective sketches now in the hands of the department of construction, is of the Ionic of the most refined and classic detail. It is richly ornamented by statuary and sculptured friezes. The dimensions of the main building itself are 320 feet by 500 feet, and in this measurement are not accounted the annexes that have been proposed. These annexes are each to measure 120×200 feet in area, and are designed with a view to capability of extension in case there is a demand for an increase in spaces.

The building is bisected north and south and east and west by four great halls 100 feet wide, 75 feet high, and extending to the full width of the structure in each direction. At the intersection of these halls there is a dome that is 75 feet in diameter and 125 feet high, opening into the halls by great arched openings, which are designed to be 40 feet wide and 60 feet high. On each side are galleries 18 feet wide, and 24 feet high from the main floor.

The space on the ground-floor designed for the display of sculpture and the gallery will contain the collections of engravings, etchings, architectural drawings, and such other features as will be brought to the Fair. Some care has been taken in the designing of the interior of the galleries with a view to the conservation and distribution of the light —the chiefest consideration in the making of the plans. At regular intervals along the galleries will be placed screens, on which the pictures are hung, thereby increasing greatly the hanging-space of the walls. The illumination, naturally, will come from the top through a continuous skylight that will be 60 feet wide.

Around the entire building is a continuous series of galleries 36 feet wide, and of lengths varying from 36 to 120 feet. Between these and the central halls in each quarter of the plan are 16 picture-galleries 30 feet by 60 feet, and 27 feet high. These galleries are all interconnecting, and are lighted by skylights, with a large coved cornice above the hanging-line, so that no shadows will fall upon the pictures. The four grand entrances are placed at the east of the central halls, and project from the four façades. Each portal is protected by a loggia 60 feet wide, 40 feet high, and 16 feet deep. This is set off with a richly coppered ceiling. The interior walls of the loggia are treated in polychromatic decorations, and around the upper post runs a frieze eight feet high that is elaborately sculptured in reliefs illustrating the history and the progress of the arts.

It was natural that the inspiration should have been drawn from classic Greece, and the order was taken from the Erectheion on the Acropolis. Above the columns of the great portals is an attic story, against the pilasters of which are placed large figures in full relief, after the manner of the Incantata of Salonica. The panels betwixt these figures are ornamented with portrait busts in relief of the ancient masters of art. Between the pavilions of the façade there are open colonnades, and forming, with the north front, three sides of the court or great angle. The central drive through the upper portion of the park forms the fourth side. This court will be laid out with rectangular walks lined with orange-trees and plants, and decorated with statues, fountains, and architectural monuments, such as the "Monument of Lysicrates" and the "Temple of the Winds" at Athens. There will be here, too, such reproductions of the historic fragments as can be secured from the museums abroad.

The construction of this art palace will, of a necessity, be of a temporary nature. At the same time it must be proof against fire, and this necessity has not been forgotten. The main walls will be of solid brick construction, covered with staff, delicately colored and enriched with architectural ornamentation. The roof, floor, galleries, and other interior portions will be made of iron. All the light will be had through glass skylights in frames of iron or light steel. The cost of the entire structure will be $600,000.

The site of the building will be at the south side of the improved portion of Jackson Park, and the south front will face directly on the north lagoon. It will be separated from the lagoon by beautiful terraces ornamented with balustrades, and an immense flight of steps will lead down from the main portal to the water's edge. Here will be provided a landing for pleasure-boats. The north front will face the wide lawn and the group of buildings devoted to the departments of the States.

It will be conceded that the real value of the art exhibition will depend very largely on the interest that is taken in the affair by the governments of Europe. Chief of the department, Mr. Halsey C. Ives, is now abroad for the purpose of enlisting the co-operation of the English and continental governments, and he hopes to be able to obtain from them not only a display of modern work and such pictures or sculps as may be entered by living artists for competition, but even to secure some of the old masters and other treasures that have hitherto been on exhibition only in the country that collected them. Mr. Ives is at present in London. His dealings there are directly with the council of the Society of Arts, of which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is president, Sir Henry Wood secretary, and Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen a member. It is not impossible that the present friendliness existing between this country and England may result in the loan of some very rare works. There are some special pieces in the Kensington Museum that could be brought over quite easily. As to the works in the National Gallery, there is not so much promise; no object has ever left it for any purpose. However, if the council (which has been appointed the National Commission of England to the World's Fair) desires to recommend an exception in favor of the American Exposition, there is no warrant for believing that the exception will not be allowed.

From London Mr. Ives will visit Paris, where he will meet M. Proust, who represents the National Art Commission of France. Thence he will go to the Hague, and after that he will visit, in succession, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland. He will then return to Paris, and from Paris he will come back to the United States.

The department of art is booked as Department K, and the department has been divided into groups of sculpture, paintings in oil, paintings in water-color, paintings on ivory, enamel, metal, porcelain, and frescoing in walls; engravings and etching; chalk, charcoal, and pastel drawings; antique and modern carvings, and exhibits of private collections. The department will not deal with individual artists, or, indeed, with art societies especially. Foreign artists who desire to put their works on exhibit must communicate with the members of the national commission that has been appointed by the country in which they live, and the commissioners will be the judges of their works. Yet the department has already sent thousands of letters and circulars to artists throughout Europe, apprising them of the general art plans of the Fair, and asking them to do something toward making the exhibit a success. In like manner have foreign architects been communicated with. The repeated ill feeling of the great Parisian artists against the Fair has not made itself manifest of late, and may, indeed, have had no existence in fact. At least there has been recently no evidence that it was growing.

Mr. Ives's department has written to every American artist of prominence, asking him to furnish the department with the name and the present owner of his chief works, in order that the loan exhibition may be enriched with such pictures or sculps as the owner may be willing to lend. From the group of architecture will be excluded all material that has a more direct bearing on the constructural rather than the artistic phase of architecture. Under the former head will come such features as plans of buildings for specific purposes; drawings for foundations, walls, floors, roofs, and stairways; designs or models of contrivances, methods of combination, etc. These come under the group of civil engineering in the department of liberal arts. The group of architecture as a fine art will consist of artistic designs in style, models of invented styles, or addenda to or modifications of established styles—in a word, any feature of architecture that leans toward beauty more than use.

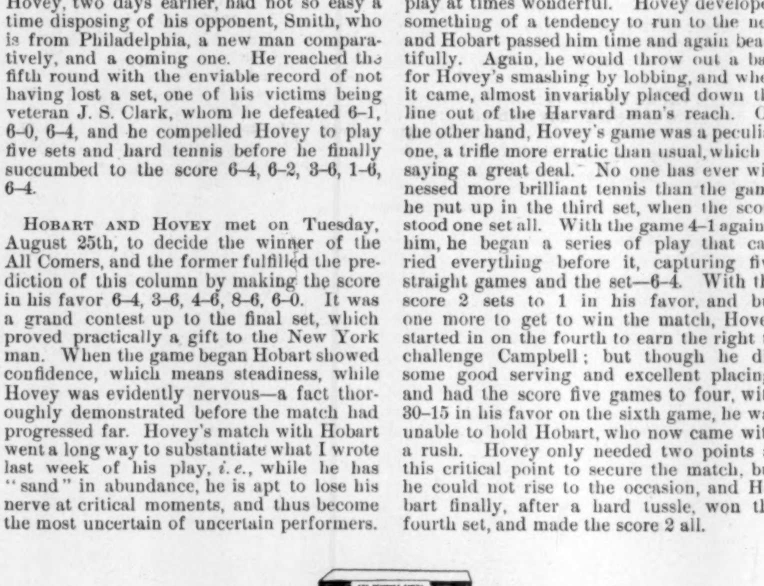
The interior of the art building will be divided into spaces, large or small, according to the demand made and the amount to bestow. One of these divisions will be given to each nation, and every national display will be in one collection. That is to say, the painting, sculpture, and architecture of England will be in one division, those of France in another, and so on through the galleries. Of course it is expected that the space allotted to America will be the largest, but the plans of the building promise ample room for a thorough exhibition.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE FIRST DAY of the final week in the National tennis tournament at Newport brought forth surprise number three in the contest for the All Comers' Cup. While we were on the press Monday, August 24th, Clarence Hobart was winning three straight sets in the fifth round with ridiculous ease from V. G. Hall. It had been expected, of course, that Hobart would win, but that he should do so to the tune of 6–2, 6–4, 6–2, was not only unexpected, but robbed the match of all interest. Hall had shown such very good form throughout the tournament that a great many believed he would make a five-set match, but he really was never very formidable, despite the fact of his putting up a fair game. Hobart's play was the best seen on the court this season; he was very steady, his service was hard, and his placed balls simply wonderful. He played with supreme confidence and great judgment. In the same round Hovey, two days earlier, had not so easy a time disposing of his opponent, Smith, who is from Philadelphia, a new man comparatively, and a coming one. He reached the fifth round with the enviable record of not having lost a set, one of his victims being veteran J. S. Clark, whom he defeated 6–1, 6–0, 6–4, and he compelled Hovey to play five sets and hard tennis before he finally succumbed to the score 6–4, 6–2, 3–6, 1–6, 6–4.

HOBART AND HOVEY met on Tuesday, August 25th, to decide the winner of the All Comers, and the former fulfilled the prediction of this column by making the score in his favor 6–4, 3–6, 4–6, 8–6, 6–0. It was a grand contest up to the final set, which proved practically a gift to the New York man. When the game began Hobart showed confidence, which means steadiness, while Hovey was evidently nervous—a fact thoroughly demonstrated before the match had progressed far. Hovey's match with Hobart went a long way to substantiate what I wrote last week of his play, *i.e.*, while he has "sand" in abundance, he is apt to lose his nerve at critical moments, and thus become the most uncertain of uncertain performers. For example, in his match with Sears he exhibited "sandy" up-hill work by pulling out victorious when his opponent had the score two sets all, and it was necessary for him to win three straight sets. He didn't lose his nerve because he really believed he could defeat Sears, and he went in to do so. On the contrary, he was afraid of Hobart; the New-Yorker had gone through him at Nahant, and down deep in his heart Hovey hung out a white flag. So long as he held Hobart he was safe, but when the favor turned against him, the settled conviction that he could not win took possession of him; he hoisted his flag, made three double faults, and Hobart won the fifth and deciding set—6–0.

HOBART'S GAME THROUGHOUT the match was excellent, his returns were very good and frequently brilliant, and his cross court play at times wonderful. Hovey developed something of a tendency to run to the net, and Hobart passed him time and again beautifully. Again, he would throw out a bait for Hovey's smashing by lobbing, and when it came, almost invariably placed down the line out of the Harvard man's reach. On the other hand, Hovey's game was a peculiar one, a trifle more erratic than usual, which is saying a great deal. No one has ever witnessed more brilliant tennis than the game he put up in the third set, when the score stood one set all. With the game 4–1 against him, he began a series of play that carried everything before it, capturing five straight games and the set—6–4. With the score 2 sets to 1 in his favor, and but one more to get to win the match, Hovey started in on the fourth to earn the right to challenge Campbell; but though he did some good serving and excellent placing, and had the score five games to four, with 30–15 in his favor on the sixth game, he was unable to hold Hobart, who now came with a rush. Hovey only needed two points at this critical point to secure the match, but he could not rise to the occasion, and Hobart finally, after a hard tussle, won the fourth set, and made the score 2 all.



THE PRIZES OF THE NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT.

THE STORY OF THE FINAL SET is soon told. It was the deciding set—a very critical point. Hobart had been pulling up hill in magnificent style, the pressure to the square inch was too great for Hovey, and—he lost his nerve, and could only score faults; apropos of which it is interesting to scan the analysis of the game here appended: Drives out of court—Hobart, 56; Hovey, 55. Drives into net—Hobart, 40; Hovey, 56. Double faults—Hobart, 5; Hovey, 13. Aces on service—Hobart, 2; Hovey, 10. Veteran scorer Joseph T. Whittelsey has given some interesting data on Hovey's game, showing that in his matches with Knapp, Parker, and Sears he placed 173 balls to his opponents' combined 127; 129 drives out of court, and 157 drives into the net, and 19 double faults against his opponents' 154, 139, and 6. If he could keep up throughout the game the pace—I do not mean in point of endurance—he shows at times, probably no player in the country could defeat him. Such is the argument I have heard put forth from some quarters. True; and *if* a man could keep on scoring bull's-eyes in the rifle range once he has lined centre, none could hope to compete successfully against him; and *if* the college crew could sustain for four miles the speed of its spurts, we should now have a crew abroad, training for the next Oxford-Cambridge event; and *if* Cary could run one mile at the rate of speed he covers 100 yards, he would indeed be a phenomenon; and so we might carry out the "ifs" *ad infinitum*, and to about as much purpose. All these "ifs" and "ands" go to make up a man's game; it is strong or weak in proportion to their distribution.

ANOTHER EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY to exploit its pet theories was given the "ifs" and "ands" contingent on Wednesday, when O. S. Campbell successfully sustained his title of champion by defeating Hobart. Those who have followed this column during the season, however, were prepared for such a result, it having been herein asserted a number of times that Hobart would win the All Comers, but prove unable to wrest the championship from Campbell. Hobart had a great many admirers, who believed his game invincible, while his clean record of victories for the season persuaded others less prejudiced, including experts at the game, that he would prove to be this year's champion. A large proportion of these based their belief on the comparatively poor showing Campbell had made during the season, but they failed to consider two very important points: first, that Mr. Campbell is a young man of considerable experience on the tennis-court, and does not tell all he knows; and second, that he has more nerve than any man playing tennis to-day. In no one of the tournaments until the championship did he play his game. A close observer would have discovered that he was strengthening his back-court play, and using these tournaments, where there was nothing especially at stake, as practice games. Probably few saw the little practice game he played with Knapp on Staten Island during the Eastern Doubles tournament, and those few must have forgotten it, for it was the most brilliant tennis played this year, and proved conclusively that Campbell's racket had not lost its cunning.

THE WISDOM OF CAMPBELL'S SCHEME was apparent in his match with Hobart, for his back-court play, in my judgment, showed great improvement over that of any previous, and he was quite as strong at the net. To the casual on-looker his net-work may have appeared weaker than heretofore. Such was not the case; Campbell never played against a man whose game so ate into his as does Hobart's. He never found it so difficult to remain at the net as last Wednesday, but he staid there, when a point was to be made thereby, and he won the match. Hobart's game is unquestionably the hardest from start to finish of any man in America, and it is peculiarly hard on the style of game Campbell plays. His Lawfords hum with pace, and they are placed with unerring judgment. Hobart's game is truly a great one, and he plays with his head every time. On Wednesday his side-line placing was tip-top, but not up to his beautiful cross court work, which is his strong point. He passed Campbell about half a dozen times at the net, which must have given him confidence, and once or twice he did some clever work at the net himself.

CAMPBELL STARTED OFF in the first set badly, being quite kept on the defensive; he braced up in the second, though he managed to make some double faults—rather a rare thing for him. The third set was a magnificent contest, both men playing at their best. Hobart was sending in terrific drives, and they were so hot that it required all of Campbell's skill to handle them. The champion had become warmed up by this time, though he badly misjudged a ball that would have gone out. He captured the first three games in this set, then Hobart took 3, Campbell, 2; Hobart, 2; and so it went on until the latter finally secured the set after a struggle as hard as ever seen on the court. This made the score 2 sets to 1 in Hobart's favor, and the greatness of Campbell's nerve became apparent. He opened the fourth set by winning four straight games, and finally won, allowing Hobart to get but two. Hobart seemed to be losing his nerve somewhat; his game was not so severe, and Campbell's persistency and endurance had evidently had its effect. The set was an easy one for Campbell after the first game, which was stubbornly contested, Hobart having the vantage five times before he finally won it; but he kept up his game to the very end, running to the net and keeping there, despite the fact that Hobart was driving from one side of the court to the other constantly. Both men played great tennis. The analysis of the match is: Aces on service—Campbell, 3; Hobart, 2. Drives out of court—Campbell, 67; Hobart, 73. Into net—Campbell, 48; Hobart, 67. Double faults—Campbell, 6; Hobart, 6. Total points—Campbell, 193; Hobart, 179.

IN THE FINAL CONTEST Thursday for the United States championship in doubles, between Messrs. Hobart and Hall, winners last year, and Campbell and Huntington, challengers and Eastern champions, the latter somewhat redeemed their very weak display of last week, when Chase and Ryerson, the Western champions, came within a few points of winning the right to meet the then national champions. While neither Campbell nor Huntington had put up his best game in the first match, the former had saved the day in the eleventh hour against some really first-class play by Chase and Ryerson, who seemed to be at their best, and gave strong evidence that the West must hereafter be considered in the discussion of possible winners in the doubles as well as in the singles. The match on Thursday showed clearly the advantage of team play. Individually speaking, there is not a great deal of difference in the strength of the four; it would probably require a five-set match to decide the winner of any two of them, but only three sets, and two of these very much one-sided, were necessary to settle the question of supremacy in doubles.

IT WAS NOT A HARD driving game, and there was no particularly brilliant work. It was good tennis all around, characterized by careful play. Campbell exhibited rare judgment in his work, and his play throughout the game was very skilful. Huntington, though not so effective, was very good, and proved that when he struggles out of the *dolce far niente* state peculiar to the soul-filling days immediately preceding the launch, on the matrimonial sea, of the mysterious ship *Destiny*, he is the same Huntington of old whose expert racket and cool head have placed many a match to his credit. Hobart and Hall, though neither up to his top form, were particularly skilful in returning some of Campbell's fine placing, but did not play so much at the net as their opponents. Their game was strong, and though the tide seemed irretrievably turned against them, they managed to pull up in the last set to six games all, but here they lost the one chance in the "slough of despond," and with it the national championship—score 6–3, 6–4, 8–6.

THE RESULTS AT NEWPORT naturally excite discussion as to the comparative merits of the volleying and the back-court games. While the majority of players are not pronounced in their tendencies either way, it is still true, as it has been for the past few years, that certain prominent experts are generally recognized as the champions of one style of play or the other. Campbell and Hovey, for instance, are clearly distinguished as volleyers, as men who play at the net at every opportunity, while Hobart and P. S. Sears are well-known champions of back-court play, both, as a general rule, preferring to remain near the base-line and take their chances of passing an adversary. Among the prominent players whose tendencies in either direction are not marked, Huntington is perhaps the most notable, insomuch as he is equally proficient in volleying and in all ground strokes, including that in which so many players fail—the lob.

DID THE PLAY AT NEWPORT demonstrate anything as to the comparative merits of the two styles of game? It appears to me that it did, and that the demonstration was somewhat against the volleyer. I am convinced of this not merely because Hobart, the greatest of the back-court men, won the All Comers' prize, and came within an ace of defeating the champion, a volleyer *par excellence;* nor because Philip Sears came so near defeating Hovey, that other great volleyer; but an additional and powerful argument is found in the fact that Campbell, who has been fixed and even obstinate in his methods, and who has hitherto been nothing but a volleyer pure and simple, saw fit to materially change his methods this year, and won the championship by cleverly combining his strong net play with some very good work at the base-line.

CAMPBELL WON MORE POINTS when he remained at the base-line than when he ran to the net on his service in the first three sets, but during the fourth and fifth Hobart was tired and apparently somewhat discouraged, and therefore much less able to "pass" Campbell. The result of the match did not clearly demonstrate that Campbell could have entirely relinquished his old tactics, and still have won, but it came very near it. I do not wish to be understood, however, as claiming that he could have won the match by playing a back-court game. Volleying is and always will be Campbell's chief strength, and no one would think of advising him to play at the base-line when the net could be reached with reasonable safety. But his penchant for volleying has in the past led him to assume risks which sooner or later would have proven disastrous, and the fact that he himself saw and recognized the danger was the cause of his change of policy this year.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT, NEWPORT, AUGUST 18–27.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.	Fifth Round.	Finals.	Winner.
	H. A. Colby, E. K. Rowland.	Colby, 6–1, 4–6, 6–1, 6–1.					
	F. J. Bentley, F. L. V. Hoppin.	Hoppin, by default.	Colby, 1–6, 11–9, 6–4, 3–6, 6–3.				
	E. L. Hall, M. Fielding.	Hall, 6–2, 6–3, 2–6, 6–4.		Hall, 6–0, 3–6, 6–0, 6–4.			
	W. W. Hoopes, S. R. McCormick.	McCormick, 5–7, 7–5, 6–1, 6–2.	Hall, 6–3, 6–1, 6–4.				
	S. Woodward, W. V. Johnson.	Johnson, 6–2, 6–2, 6–2.			Hobart, 3–6, 6–4, 11–9, 6–4.		
	C. Hobart, T. P. Borden.	Hobart, 8–6, 6–3, 6–3.	Hobart, 6–1, 6–4, 6–3.				
	J. A. Hovey, C. M. Bunting.	Bunting, 6–4, 6–8, 4–6, 7–5, 6–4.		Hobart, by default.			
	M. L. Pratt, J. A. Ryerson.	Ryerson, 6–2, 6–3, 6–3.	Ryerson, 6–1, 6–2, 6–4.				
	C. T. Lee, H. S. Satterlee.	Lee, 6–0, 6–1, 6–1.	Lee, 6–1, 6–1, 6–2.			Hobart, 6–2, 6–4, 6–2.	
	J. F. Turrill, W. P. Jenks.	Jenks, 6–0, 6–0, 9–7.		Lee, 6–2, 6–2, 6–4.			
	B. J. Carroll, Everett Colby.	Colby, 11–9, 4–6, 6–3, 7–5.	Larned, 6–1, 6–1, 6–1.				
	H. F. McCormick, W. A. Larned.	Larned, 8–6, 6–4, 8–6.			Hall, 6–4, 6–4, 0–6, 6–0.		
	V. G. Hall, F. M. Pile.	V. G. Hall, 6–1, 6–1, 6–1.	Hall, 2–6, 6–2, 6–4, 6–1.				
	B. B. Lamb, Richard Stevens.	Stevens, 2–6, 6–3, 4–6, 6–2, 6–1.		Hall, 6–4, 2–6, 6–3, 6–3.			
A. L. Rives, G. P. Herrick.	Herrick, 6–2, 6–1, 6–0.	Chase, 6–2, 6–2, 6–1.					
S. T. Chase, W. B. Lane.	Chase, 6–1, 6–1, 6–3.		Chase, 3–6, 6–4, 6–3, 6–3.				
R. P. Huntington, Jun., W. H. Barnes.	Huntington, 6–1, 7–5, 6–2.	Huntington, by default.					
Hugh Harrison, Daniel Kimball.	Default.						
W. P. Knapp, F. H. Hovey.	Hovey, 3–6, 6–3, 6–4, 2–6, 7–5.	Hovey, 6–1, 6–3, 6–1.					
L. R. Parker, Stanley Henshaw.	Parker, 6–2, 6–1, 6–0.		Hovey, 6–3, 6–4, 2–6, 6–4.				Hobart, 6–4, 3–6, 4–6, 8–6, 6–0.
J. W. Nichols, Jun., E. M. Church.	Nichols,	Bixby, 6–4, 6–4, 6–1.					
N. H. Emmons, H. G. Bixby.	Bixby, 6–4, 6–0, 2–6, 6–1.			Hovey, 5–7, 3–6, 6–2, 13–11, 6–2.			
	Deane Miller, P. S. Sears.	Sears, 5–7, 6–3, 6–2, 10–8.	Sears, 6–4, 6–3, 2–6, 7–5.				
	W. D. Orcutt, E. W. Gould, Jun.	Orcutt, 6–3, 10–8, 6–1.			Hovey, 4–6, 6–4, 6–2, 3–6, 6–0.		
	W. K. Fowler, H. I. Wilcox.	Wilcox, 6–4, 2–6, 6–3, 6–4.	Wilcox, 6–4, 6–2, 6–2.				
	C. R. Budlong, E. S. Rushmore.	Budlong, 3–6, 6–4, 6–3, 6–2.		Post, 0–6, 6–2, 6–3, 6–1.			
	A. W. Post, G. I. Scott.	Post, 6–3, 6–3, 6–2.	Post, 6–3, 6–3, 4–6, 6–4.				
	George R. Fearing, Jun., C. A. Brown.	Fearing, 6–0, 6–1, 6–1.				Hovey, 6–4, 6–2, 3–6, 1–6, 6–4.	
	M. D. Smith, D. W. Chandler.	Smith, 7–5, 6–2, 6–1.	Smith, 6–0, 6–4, 6–2.				
	B. S. de Garmandia, G. F. Brown, Jun.	Brown, 6–1, 6–0, 8–6.		Smith, 6–2, 6–2, 6–3.			
	Burdett O'Connor, G. N. Norton.	O'Connor, 6–0, 7–5, 8–6.	O'Connor, 6–3, 6–2, 6–1.				
	Ewing Stillé, P. C. Oscanyan.	Oscanyan, 6–2, 4–6, 6–4, 6–3.			Smith, 6–1, 6–0, 6–4.		
	Theo. Horton, E. A. Thomson.	Horton, 6–2, 6–2, 6–2.	Clark, 6–0, 6–1, 6–3.				
	J. S. Clark, E. I. White.	Clark, 6–1, 4–6, 6–1, 6–3.		Clark, 6–4, 6–2, 6–4.			
	W. S. Post, J. H. Hunt.	Hunt, 6–3, 6–4, 6–1,	Hunt, by default.				
	A. E. Wright, W. H. Trotter, Jun.	Default.					

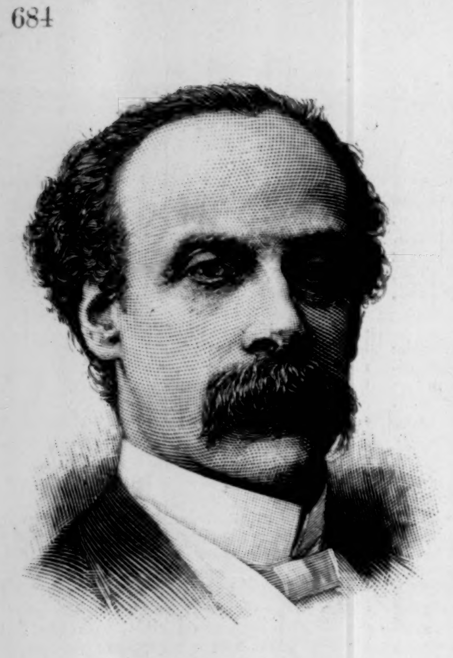
DOUBLES.

Campbell, Huntington. Chase, Ryerson. — Campbell, Huntington, 6–1, 6–4, 5–7, 4–6, 7–5.

Hobart, Hall, *vs.* Campbell, Huntington — Campbell, Huntington, 6–3, 6–4, 8–6.

Championship Round.... O. S. Campbell, present champion, *vs.* Clarence Hobart, winner All Comers. — Campbell, 2–6, 7–5, 7–9, 6–2, 6–2.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



EX-PRESIDENT BALMACEDA.

GENERAL CANTO, WHO WON THE BATTLE OF VALPARAISO.

THE VICTORY OF THE CONGRESSIONALISTS.

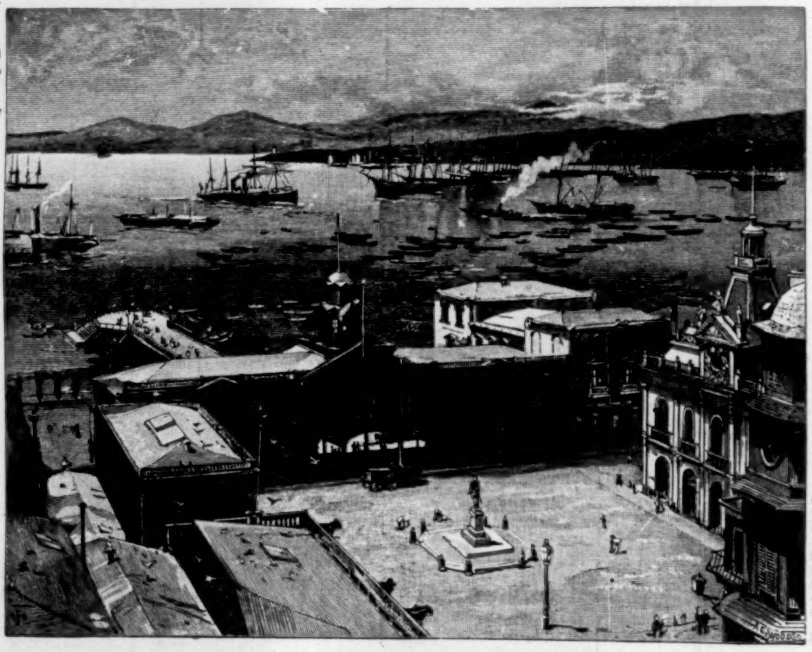
In the last issue of Harper's Weekly it was pointed out editorially that the question for the government to decide in considering the recognition of the belligerency of the Congressional party of Chili was whether it was effectively equal to the party of Balmaceda. And, it was added, the facts, so far as known, justify that view. But the government at Washington did not think so, and still refused to recognize the agents of the Congressionalists. And then the Congressionalists won the battle of Valparaiso, overthrew Balmaceda, and re-established constitutional supremacy. This must be somewhat disturbing to the gentlemen at Washington who have steadily done all they could to snub the Congressionalist party, by capturing the *Itata*, refusing an audience to any of their representatives, and listening instead to the voice of Minister Patrick Egan.

Minister Patrick Egan declared to Admiral McCann that Balmaceda could not be defeated. This statement at once destroyed his usefulness as a minister. If he had been neutral in his feelings, he might have instructed the government at Washington better, and the government would not have missed the chance it had of helping the side that was to eventually win. That is what ministers are for. If the government had taken the advice of Harper's Weekly and not of Minister Patrick Egan, its future intercourse with the sister republic would be of a more profitable nature. The battle that changed the entire outlook in Chili and put the Congressionalists ahead was fought just outside the city of Valparaiso, and lasted for five hours, both the generals of Balmaceda's army, most of his staff, and a majority of the line officers being killed. That many of the soldiers of Balmaceda had no heart in their work was shown by the fact that whole regiments deserted to the army of the Congressionalists, and fired upon their former companions. Over five thousand men were killed and wounded.

As soon as the result of the battle was known in the city, President-elect Vicuña went aboard the German flag-ship in the harbor and asked for protection, which was given him. Immediately after this the blue-jackets of the American, English, German, and French ships of war were sent into the city to protect the foreign residents from any outbreak or outrage. But of this there seems to have been little danger, as the citizens received the victorious army with enthusiasm and apparent satisfaction. Shortly after the entrance of the army, Captain Alberto Fuentes, who was lately promoted for his naval victory while in command of the torpedo-boat *Almirante Lynch* surrendered to General Canto after a sharp engagement, lasting fifteen minutes. This virtually completed the overthrow of Balmaceda, and established the legitimate government in its place. On the day following General Baquedano formally surrendered the capital, Santiago, and the triumph of the Congressionalists was complete. Balmaceda escaped, but his house was destroyed by the mob. This ends a seven months' war, in which the representatives elected by the people fought against the party of the man who wished to make himself Dictator. Tradition, history, and precedent should have led this country to sympathize or even assist the representatives of the people and of constitutional liberty. This the government has failed to do. And now, since the party she overlooked is victorious, American interests in Chili may suffer, and if they do, the government will know why.

ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE AND CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO.

THE ARTURO PRAT MONUMENT, VALPARAISO.



VALPARAISO HARBOR.

DON'T BE BULLDOZED

By a rebellious liver. Though it may refuse to be brought into subjection by ordinary cathartics and cholagogues, though it may continue to destroy your peace with its manifold unpleasant symptoms, be assured that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will effectually discipline it, promptly rectify its irregularities. Malaria, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney complaints are also remedied by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

THE PULLMAN PALACE CAR COMPANY'S LATEST PRODUCTION.

Considerable interest has been manifested by the travelling public in the latest production from the Pullman Palace Car Company's works at Chicago for the Pennsylvania Railroad. These new palace parlor cars form the equipment of the New York and Washington and Congressional Limited Express vestibule trains, forming the link which connects in a few hours the nation's metropolis with the seat of government. The exterior appearance, aside from the drawing-room angled bay-windows, is identical with the regulation Pullman in color and design. The upholstery of the comfortable, revolving easy-chairs and sofas, affording seating accommodations for thirty-four persons in each car, is of a white, imported mohair cloth, worked with figured silk embossing. The flooring is covered with a rich, heavy Turkish carpeting. A perfect effect is produced in the hand-carved entrances from the drawing-rooms into the main car body, as it arches to a centre in a miniature dome, where scroll-work, leaded glass, brass designs, and heavy plate mirrors lend an exceptionally rich finish. At the windows hang a dual set of curtains, one a light cream to neutralize the light and shade the eyes, and back a heavy set of some rich brown stuff, embroidered and tasselled. The ceilings are hand-decorated, not elaborate nor overworked, but very artistic. The receptacle racks as well as the chandelier lamps are made of oxidized silver.

The drawing-rooms are perhaps the latest innovation in car construction; one is closed to the top of the ceiling, above the average standing height, with heavy plate-glass, bevelled and panelled, while the other is open, and its occupants screened from the passengers in the body of the car by rich sliding curtains suspended on brass rods, running possibly two feet higher than the frame wood-work, and supported at the carved corners by thin newel posts of curiously twisted brass.

These compartments, accommodating six each, have a direct connection by door with the lavatory and toilet rooms, two spacious apartments well ventilated and lighted. The lavatory basin is made of heavy nickel, and every appointment in the way of necessary toilet articles is in its respective rack of twisted brass.

The entire arrangement suggests more a salon of Louis XIV.'s time than a regular passenger express train of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

These cars, added to the deservedly popular dining-car service of the Washington Limited and Congressional Limited Express trains, render these trains absolutely peerless for day use.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

People used to go to England to buy the Crown Lavender Salts. Sold now everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Browns' Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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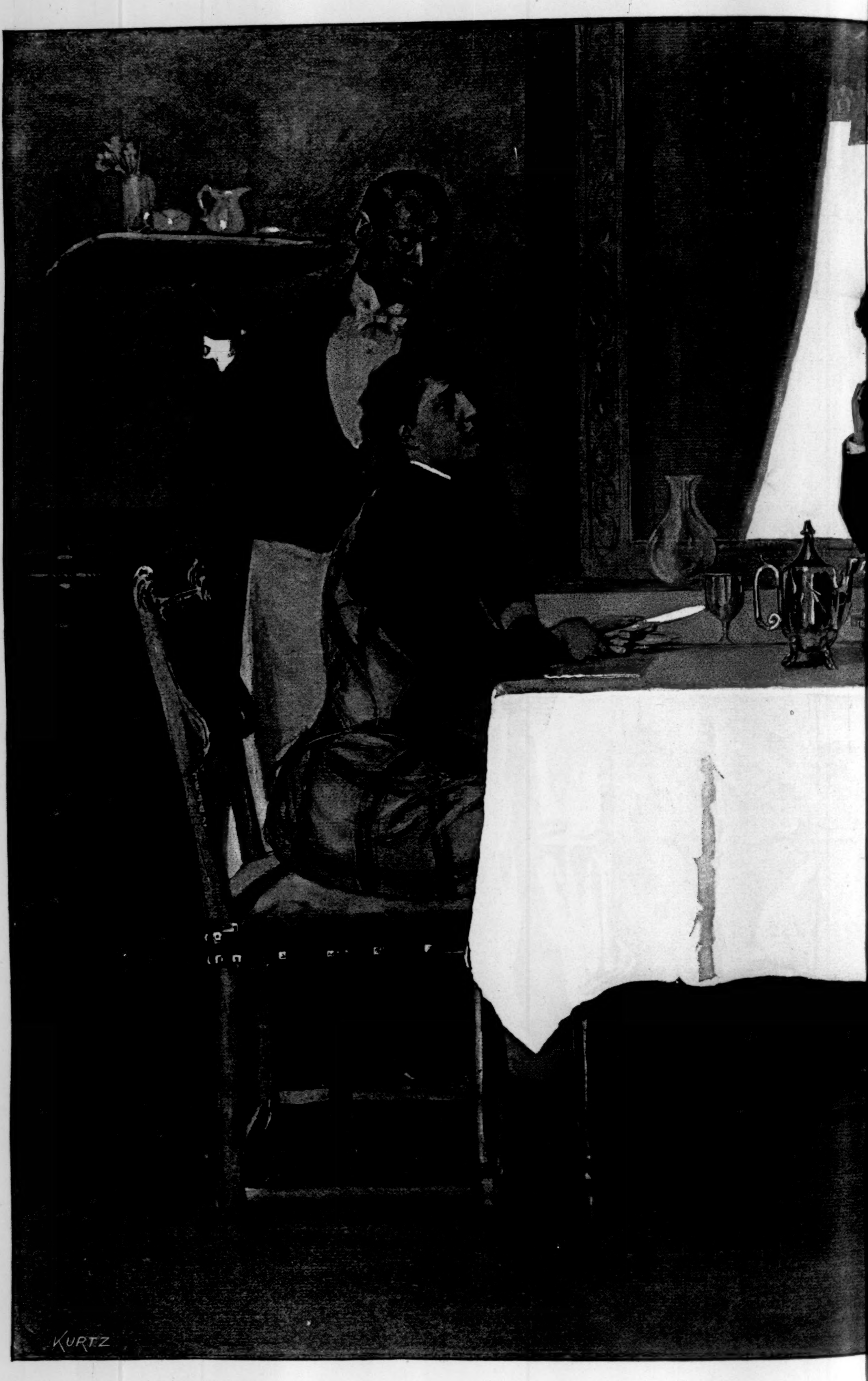

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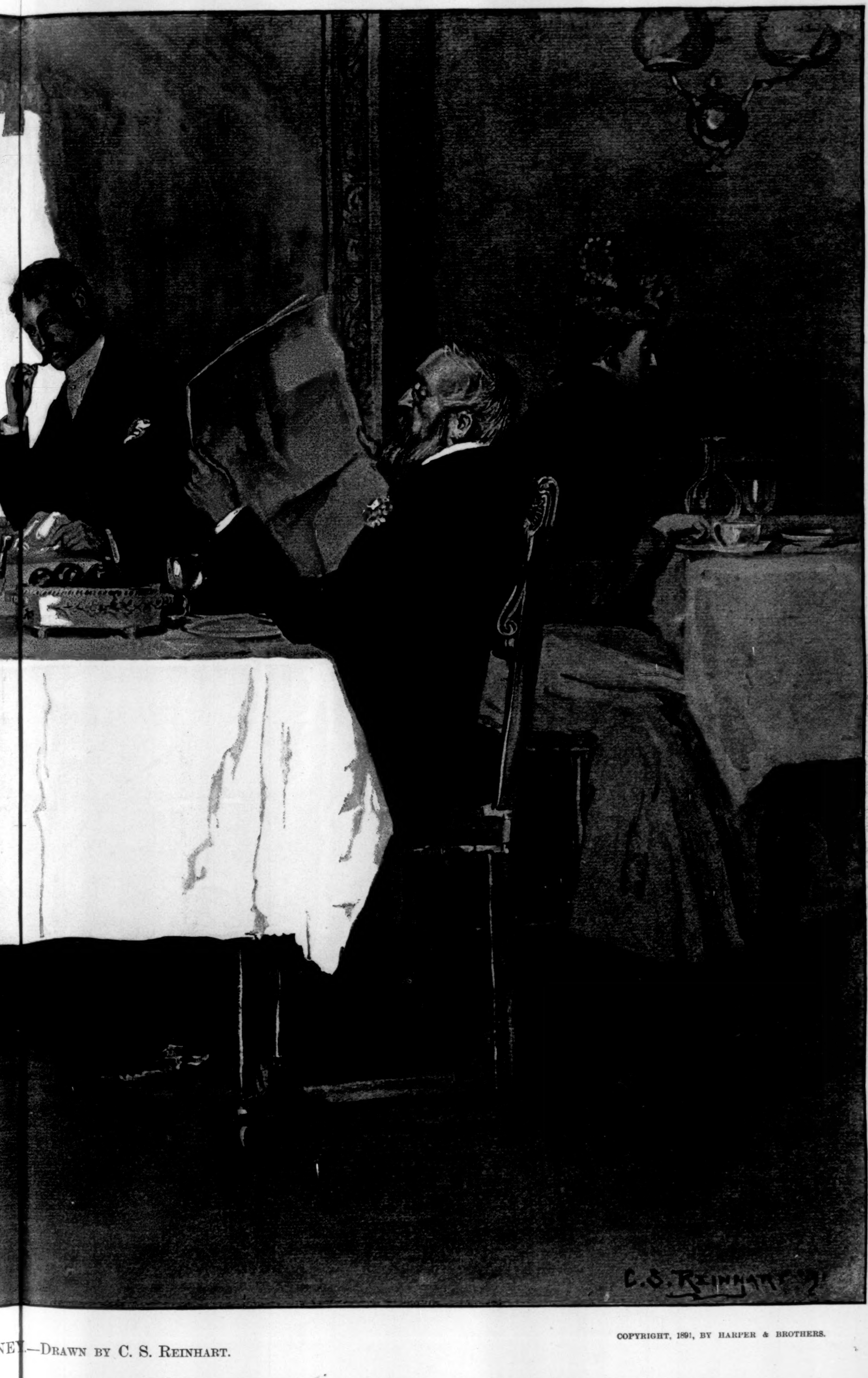

NEY.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

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